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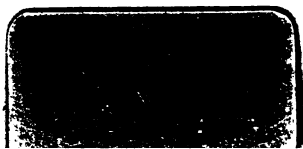
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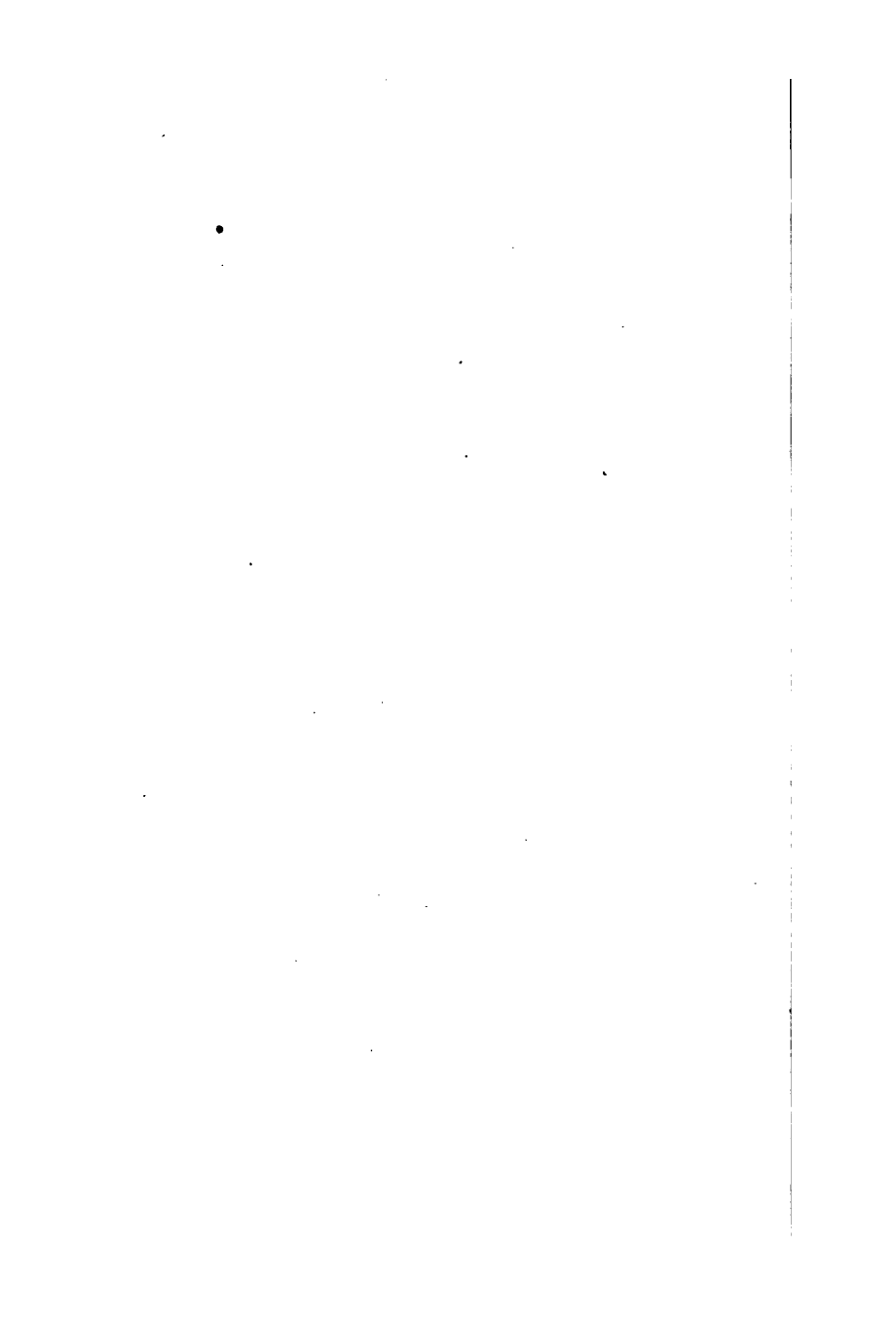


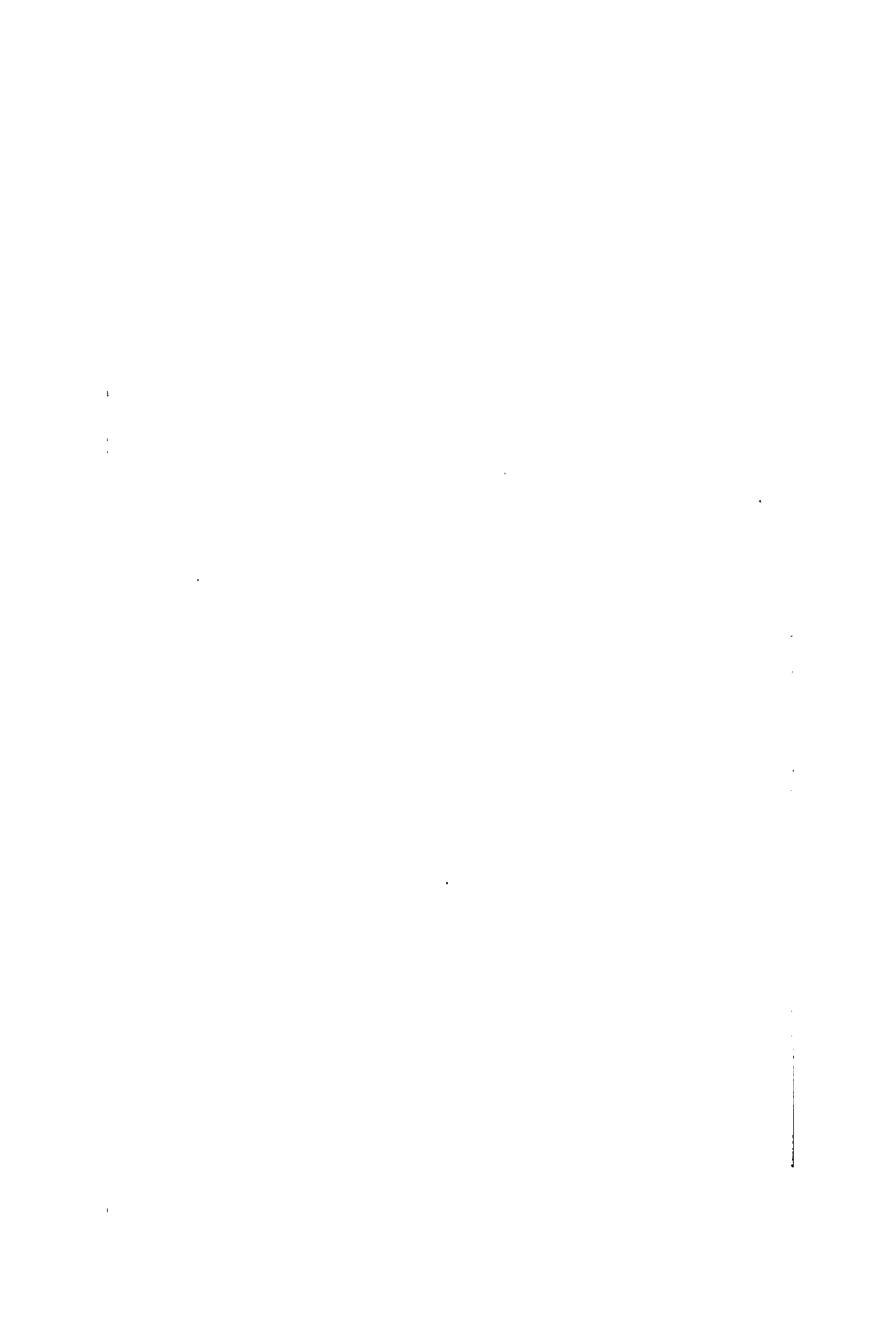
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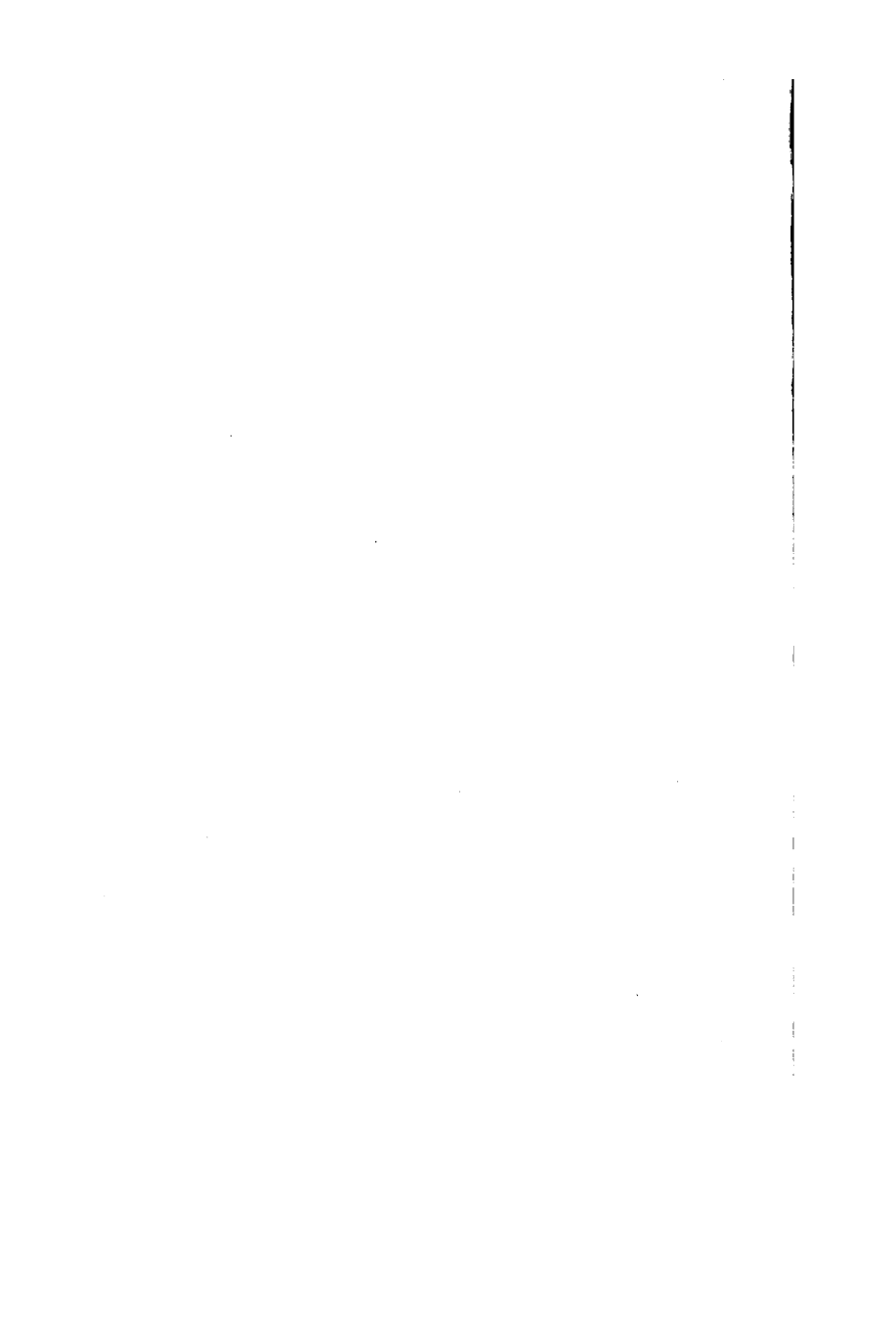
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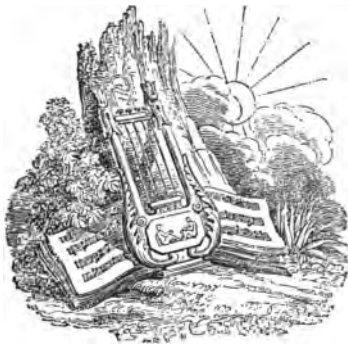
OF
AMERICAN SONGS:

WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND HISTORICAL.

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

HOWARD PAUL.



LONDON:
WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

1857.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

If Prefaces were read—and it is no fiction to suppose they are not—a compilation of songs like the present calls for no particular remark beyond the simple statement, that they comprise most of the popular lyrics of the United States. Of course it would be an easy task to trace back the records of the old colonial times, and inquire about the songs of the early settlers; whether the Puritans at Plymouth or the Quakers in Pennsylvania sung; and if so, what were their songs. We can readily imagine that *their* vocalism was rather restricted, or if they did venture to warble, the old-fashioned English songs of the period naturally rose to their lips.

Exchange is no robbery—goes the phrase. For many years, in song as in other departments of literature, the United States looked for their supply to the “mother country;” and now, to judge by the popularity of “Woodman, Spare that Tree,” “Ben Bolt,” the lyrics of Longfellow, and the frequency with which the ear is assailed with those terrible concoctions of vulgarity and commonplace tune—“Bobbing Around” and “Keemo Kimo” (which every boy in London feels it his duty to whistle), it is fair to imagine that the mother country has condescended to borrow somewhat from the son; though we are bound to say that, with rare exceptions, the adopted material is anything but creditable to John Bull’s taste and sense of musical propriety.

How little Fenno Hoffman is known in England ; how many persons in the United Kingdom ever heard of Mrs. Osgood, Judge Conrad, General Morris, J. G. Percival,—and yet all of these writers have distinguished themselves in lyric authorship. The truth seems to be, that American songs grow popular on this side of the ocean, not because they possess poetic excellence or harmonious melody. The more refined the production, the more slender its chances of becoming known, while some jingling tomfoolery dashed with a spice of quaintness is in the mouth of the whole nation. Abundant illustrations of the truth of this statement are afforded in the universality of the “Dan Tuckers” and “Uncle Neds” of past times, the versification of which would disgrace the puerile muse of the dullest of schoolboys.

The Editor, in conclusion, begs to hope that this collection will prove to the English reader that American writers can achieve something superior to “Old Dog Tray” and the other feeble stupidities that the public receive as “American songs,” though this volume (purporting to contain the *popular* songs of the United States) would scarcely be complete were this class of composition wholly omitted.

The Book of American Songs.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

MARY WILL SMILE.

W. CLIFFTON. Born 1772; died 1799.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild rose of the vale,
To bind the temples of her lover.
As near his little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade
The arms of ruthless war preparing:
"Though now," he cried, "I seek the hostile plain,
Mary shall smile, and all be fair again."
She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried,
"Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger?
Yet, go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear, and bless thee.
Return'd with honour from the hostile plain,
Mary will smile, and all be fair again.
"The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland soldiers call to battle;
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannon's rattle."
She sung—and as the rose appears
In sunshine, when the storm is over,
A smile beamed sweetly through her tears—
The blush of promise to her lover.
Return'd in triumph from the hostile plain,
All shall be fair, and Mary smile again.

DAY, IN MELTING PURPLE DYING.

Mrs. MARIA BROOKS. Born 1812; died 1845.*

DAY, in melting purple dying,
 Blossoms, all around me sighing,
 Fragrance from the lilies straying,
 Zephyr with my ringlets playing,
 Ye but waken my distress;
 I am sick of loneliness.

* Mrs. Brooks, as one of the early American writers, merits a few words of mention. She is the authoress of the celebrated poem "Zophiel," that appeared in London in 1833, under the patronage of Robert Southey. Curiously enough, it was written in a rapid manner, in a variety of climate and country, the first canto appearing in Boston in 1824. The second canto was finished in Cuba, the third in Quebec, the fourth and fifth in Paris, and the sixth in England about the year 1830. Mrs. Brooks passed the spring of the following year at Keswick, the home of the poet Southey, who was an attached and honoured friend, and who corrected the proof-sheets of Zophiel previous to its appearance in London. On leaving Keswick, Mrs. Brooks addressed to the bard the following poem, and (we quote Griswold) the subsequent correspondence between the two poets, which I have seen, shows, that the promise of continual regard was fulfilled:

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

OH! laureled bard, how can I part,
 Those cheering smiles no more to see,
 Until my soothed and solaced heart
 Pours forth one grateful lay to thee?
 Fair virtue tuned thy youthful breath,
 And peace and pleasure bless thee now;
 For love and beauty guard the wreath
 That blooms upon thy manly brow.

The Indian, leaning on his bow,
 On hostile cliff, in desert drear,
 Casts with less joy his glance below,
 When comes some friendly warrior near;—

The native dove of that warm isle
 Where oft, with flowers, my lyre was drest,
 Sees with less joy the sun awhile,
 When vertic rains have drenched her nest,

Than I, a stranger, first beheld
 Thine eye's harmonious welcome given
 With gentle word, which, as it swelled,
 Came to my heart benign as heaven.

Soft be thy sleep, as mists that rest
 On Skiddaw's top at summer morn;
 Smooth be thy days as Derwent's breast,
 When summer light is almost gone!

And yet, for thee, why breathe a prayer
 I deem thy fate is given in trust
 To seraphs, who by daily care
 Would prove that Heaven is not unjust.

And treasured shall thine image be
 In memory's purest, holiest shrine,
 While truth and honour glow in thee,
 Or life's warm, quivering pulse is mine.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
 Come, ere night around me darken ;
 Though thy softness but deceive me,
 Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee ;
 Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent—
 Let me think it innocent !

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure :
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure ;
 Let the shining ore lie darkling,
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling :
 Gifts and gold are naught to me ;
 I would only look on thee !

Tell to thee the high wrought feeling,
 Ecstasy but in revealing ;
 Paint to thee the deep sensation,
 Rapture in participation,
 Yet but torture, if compressed,
 In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still ! Ah ! come and bless me !
 Let these eyes again caress thee ;
 Once, in caution, I could fly thee ;
 Now I nothing could deny thee ;
 In a look if death there be,
 Come, and I will gaze on thee !

The story of Zophiël is an elaborate picture of the angels "from the blooming of roses at Ecbatana to the coming in of spices at Babylon."^{*} Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, thus refers to it: "Which (Zophiël) he (Southey) says, is by some Yankee woman, as if there ever had been a woman capable of anything so great." —

In December, 1843, Mrs. Brooks visited Cuba for the last time. The small stone tenement on her coffee estate, *Hermita*, with a flight of steps leading to its entrance, in which she wrote portions of *Zophiël*, is thus described by the author of "Notes on Cuba," who visited that island in 1843: "The little building is surrounded by alleys of palms, cocoa, and oranges, interspersed with the tamarind, the pomegranate, the mango, and the rose-apple, with a background of coffee and plantains, covering every portion of the soil with their luxuriant verdure. I have often passed it," he continues, "in the still night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the leaves of the cocoa and palm threw fringe-like shadows on the walls and the floor, and the elfin lamps of the cocullus swept through the windows and door, casting their lurid, mysterious light on every object, while the air was laden with mingled perfume from the coffee and orange, and the tube-rose and night-blooming cerea, and have thought that no fitter birthplace could be found for the images she has created."

* "Mrs. Brooks is styled in 'The Doctor,' &c., 'the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.' And, without taking into account *quædam ardentiora*, scattered here and there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly ground for the first clause, and with the more accurate substitution of 'fanctal' for 'imaginative,' for the whole of the eulogy. It is altogether an extraordinary performance."—*London Quarterly Review*.

ROSALIE.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

O, POUR upon my soul again
 That sad unearthly strain,
 That seems from other worlds to plain ;
 Thus falling, falling from afar,
 As if some melancholy star
 Had mingled with her light her sighs,
 And dropped them from her skies.

No—never came from aught below
 This melody of wo,
 That makes my heart to overflow.
 As from a thousand gushing springs
 Unknown before ; that with it brings
 This nameless light—if light it be—
 That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
 The hue of other spheres ;
 And something blent of smiles and tears
 Comes from the very air I breathe.
 O nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
 Can mould a sadness like to this—
 So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
 When the last lingering ray
 Stops on the highest cloud to play—
 So thought the gentle ROSALIE,
 As on her maiden revery
 First fell the strain of him who stole
 In music to her soul.

WHO HAS ROBB'D THE OCEAN CAVE.

JOHN SEAW. Born 1778; died 1809.

WHO has robb'd the ocean cave,
 To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
 Who, from India's distant wave,
 For thee those pearly treasures drew?
 Who, from yonder orient sky,
 Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms thy form to deck,
 From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
 Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
 On thy breath their fragrance borne.
 Guard thy bosom from the day,
 Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
 Which mute earth can ne'er impart ;
 Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
 Nor in the circling air a heart ;
 Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
 Take, O, take that heart from me.

I SWEAR TO LEAVE THEE, LOVE, NO MORE.

WILLIAM LEGGETT. Born 1802; died 1840.

I TRUST the frown thy features wear
 Ere long into a smile will turn ;
 I would not that a face so fair
 As thine, beloved, should look so stern.
 The chain of ice that winter twines,
 Holds not for aye the sparkling rill,
 It melts away when summer shines,
 And leave the waters sparkling still.
 Thus let thy cheek resume the smile
 That shed such sunny light before ;
 And though I left thee for awhile,
 I'll swear to leave thee, love, no more.

As he who, doomed o'er waves to roam,
 Or wander on a foreign strand,
 Will sigh whene'er he thinks of home,
 And better love his native land,
 So I, though lured a time away,
 Like bees by varied sweets to rove,
 Return, like bees, by close of day,
 And leave them all for thee, my love.
 Then let thy cheek resume the smile
 That shed such sunny light before ;
 And though I left thee for awhile,
 I swear to leave thee, love, no more.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

R. H. WILDE.

[Music by an Amateur.]

My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground, to die!
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree—
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

"TRUST IN THEE."

C. FENNO HOFFMAN.

"Trust in thee?" Ay, dearest, there's no one but must,
 Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust;
 For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,
 And doubt that truth with it came down from the skies;
 While each thought of thy bosom, like morning's young light,
 Almost ere 'tis born, flashes there on his sight?

"Trust in thee?" Why, bright one, thou couldst not betray,
 While thy heart and thine eyes are forever at play!
 And he who unloving can study the one,
 Is so certain to be by the other undone,
 That if he cares aught for his quiet, he must,
 'ke me, sweetest MARY, in both of them trust.

SLEEP, CHILD OF MY LOVE!

R. C. SANDS. Born 1799; died 1832.

SLEEP, child of my love! be thy slumber as light
 As the red bird that nestles secure on the spray;
 Be the visions that visit thee fairy and bright
 As the dew-drops that sparkle around with the ray!
 O, soft flows the breath from thine innocent breast;
 In the wild wood, sleep cradles in roses thy head;
 But her who protects thee, a wanderer unblest'd,
 He forsakes, or surrounds with his phantoms of dread.
 I fear for thy father! why stays he so long
 On the shores where the wife of the giant was thrown,
 And the sailor oft lingered to hearken her song,
 So sad o'er the wave, e'er she hardened to stone?
 He skims the blue tide in his birchen canoe,
 Where the foe in the moonbeams his path may descry;
 The ball to its scope may speed rapid and true,
 And lost in the wave be thy father's death-cry!
 The Power that is round us—whose presence is near,
 In the gloom and the solitude felt by the soul,
 Protect that frail bark in its lonely career,
 And shield *thee*, when roughly life's billows shall roll.

LOOK OUT UPON THE STARS.

E. C. FINENEY.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes,
 On which, than on the lights above,
 There hang more destinies.
 Night's beauty is the harmony
 Of blending shades and light;
 Then, lady, up—look out and be
 A sister to the night!
 Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
 Within my watching breast:
 Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
 Who robs all hearts of rest.
 Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
 And make this darkness gay
 With looks, whose brightness well might make
 Of darker nights a day.

MARY.

E. C. PINNEY.

I NEED not name thy thrilling name,
 Though now I drink to thee, my dear,
 Since all sounds shape that magic word,
 That fall upon my ear—MARY ;
 And silence, with a wakeful voice,
 Speaks it in accents loudly free,
 As darkness hath a light that shows
 Thy gentle face to me—MARY.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,
 With scarce one hope, and many fears,
 Mix'd, were I of a melting mood,
 With many bitter tears—MARY.

I pledge thee, and the empty cup
 Emblems this hollow life of mine,
 To which, a gone enchantment, thou
 No more wilt be the wine—MARY.

I THINK OF THEE.

G. D. PRENTICE.

I THINK of thee when morning springs
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
 And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when at noon the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
 The evening spreads her robes of light,
 And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
 And stars are forth like blessed things,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee—that eye of flame,
 Those tresses falling bright and free,
 That brow where "Beauty writes her name,"
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

I BURN no incense, hang no wreath,
 O'er this, thine early tomb;
 Such cannot cheer the place of death,
 But only mock its gloom.
 Here odorous smoke and breathing flower
 No grateful influence shed;
 They lose their perfume and their power,
 When offer'd to the dead.

And if, as in the Afghan's creed,
 The spirit may return,
 A disembodied sense, to feed
 On fragrance, near its urn—
 It is enough, that she, whom thou
 Didst love in living years,
 Sits desolate beside it now,
 And falls these heavy tears.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

RUFUS DAWES. BORN 1803.

YES! still I love thee:—Time, who sets
 His signet on my brow,
 And dims my sunken eye, forgets
 The heart he could not bow;—
 Where love, that could not perish, grows,
 For one, alas! that little knows
 How love may sometimes last;
 Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
 When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop, hanging o'er the rose,
 Within its robe of light,
 Can never touch a leaf that blows,
 Though *seeming* to the sight;
 And yet it still will linger there,
 Like hopeless love without despair—
 A snow-drop in the sun!
 A moment finely exquisite,
 Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
 Think momentarily of me;
 Nor would I tear the cords apart,
 That binds me so to thee.

No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
 Like dew upon the roses wild,
 I would not have thee know
 The stream that seems to be so still,
 Has such a tide below!

Enough! that in delicious dreams
 I see thee and forget—
 Enough, that when the morning beams,
 I feel my eyelids wet!
 Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall
 The darkness, for creation's pall,
 To meet thee—and to love—
 I would not shrink from aught below,
 Nor ask for more above.

LIFT UP THE CURTAINS OF THINE EYES.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

LIFT up the curtains of thine eyes,
 And let their light outshine;
 Let me adore the mysteries
 Of those mild orbs of thine,
 Which ever queenly calm do roll,
 Attuned to an order'd soul!

II.

Open thy eyes but once again,
 And, while my heart doth hush
 With awe, pour forth that holy strain
 Which seemeth me to gush,
 A fount of music running o'er
 From thy deep spirit's inmost core!

III.

The melody that dwells in thee
 Begets in me as well
 A spiritual harmony,
 A mild and blessed spell;
 Far, far above earth's atmosphere
 I rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

SHE LOVES, BUT 'TIS NOT ME.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

SHE loves, but 'tis not me she loves :
 Not me on whom she ponders,
 When, in some dream of tenderness,
 Her truant fancy wanders.
 The forms that flit her visions through
 Are like the shapes of old,
 Where tales of prince and paladin
 On tapestry are told.
 Man may not hope her heart to win,
 Be his of common mould.

But I—though spurs are won no more
 Where herald's tramp is pealing,
 Nor thrones carved out for lady fair
 Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—
 I loose the falcon of my hopes
 Upon as proud a flight
 As those who hawk'd at high renown
 In song-ennobled fight.
 If *daring*, then, true love may crown,
 My love she must requite.

THY SMILES.

C. FERRO HOFFMAN.

[*Music by Horn.*]

I KNOW I share thy smiles with many,
 Yet still thy smiles are dear to me ;
 I know that I, far less than any,
 Call out thy spirit's witchery ;
 But yet, I cannot help, when nigh thee,
 To seize upon each glance and tone,
 To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
 And count them o'er whene'er alone.

But why, O, why, on all thus squander
 The treasures one alone can prize ?
 Why let the looks at random wander,
 Which beam from those deluding eyes ?
 Those syren tones, so lightly spoken,
 Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill ;
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,
 In every pulse must answer still.

BEN BOLT.*

[Music by Nelson Kneass.]

OH! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—

Sweet Alice with hair so brown—

She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old churchyard in that valley, Ben Bolt,

In a corner obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,

And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

They have fitted, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,

Near the green sunny slope of the hill,

Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade,

And kept time to the click of the mill?

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,

And a quiet now reigns all around—

See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,

Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

See the old rustic porch, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,

And the master so kind and so true,

And the little nook by the clear running brook,

Where we gather'd the flowers as they grew?

On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,

And the running little brook is now dry;

And of all the friends that were schoolmates then,

There remains, Ben, but you and I.

And of all the friends, &c.

NO JOY I'LL SEE BUT IN THOSE SMILES.

JOSEPH A. NUWES.

[Music by Bellak.]

I'LL think of thee, that thought alone

Can never from my memory flee;

In every breeze I'll find a tone

That whispers naught but love and thee.

And every sound that greets my ear,

And every object that I see,

Will be to me more sweet, more dear,

When mingled with the thoughts of thee.

*song is almost a "household word" in Great Britain. The composer is an underling musician, who at one time belonged to a strolling troupe of "readers."

Should fortune smile, and hope be bright,
 And from the world be nought to fear ;
 Oh ! what can add to that delight
 But the one thought that thou art near ?
 Then pleasure, with its thousand smiles,
 Will vainly strive this heart to free ;
 No joy I'll see but in those smiles,
 No rapture feel apart from thee.

CAN CHARM BUT FOR A DAY.

E. C. EMBURY.

THE maiden sat at her busy wheel,
 Her heart was light and free,
 And ever in cheerful song broke forth
 Her bosom's harmless glee.
 Her song was in mockery of Love,
 And oft I heard her say,
 "The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
 Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
 And her lip so full and bright,
 And I sighed to think that the traitor, Love,
 Should conquer a heart so light.
 But she thought not of future days of woe,
 While she caroll'd in tones so gay,
 "The gathered rose and the stolen heart
 Can charm but for a day."

A year pass'd on, and again I stood
 By the humble cottage door ;
 The maid sat at her busy wheel,
 But her look was blithe no more ;
 The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
 And with sighs I heard her say,
 "The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
 Can charm but for a day."

O ! well I knew what had dimm'd her eye,
 And made her cheek so pale ;
 The maid had forgotten her early song,
 While she listen'd to Love's soft tale.
 She had tasted the sweets of his poison'd cup,
 It had wasted her lip away ;
 And the stolen heart, like the gather'd rose,
 Had charm'd but for a day.

ASK ME NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

G. FERRE HOFFMAN.

[Music by Horn.]

ASK me not why I should love her ;
 Look upon those soul-full eyes !
 Look, while mirth or feeling move her,
 And see there how sweetly rise
 Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
 Which is of innocence the nest—
 Which, though each joy from it were shred,
 By truth would still be tenanted.

See, from those sweet windows peeping,
 Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
 And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
 Every trial can endure !
 Wonder not that looks so winning,
 Still for me new ties are spinning ;
 Wonder not that heart so true,
 Keeps mine from ever changing too.

IS THY NAME MARY?

O. WENDELL HOLMES.

Is thy name MARY, maiden fair ?
 Such should, methinks, its music be ;
 The sweetest name that mortals bear,
 Were best befitting thee ;
 And she to whom it once was given,
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
 I look upon thy folded hair ;
 Ah ! while we dream not, they beguile,
 Our hearts are in the snare ;
 And she who chains a wild bird's wing,
 Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, like the leaf that falls,
 To all but thee unseen, unknown,
 When evening shades thy silent walls,
 Then read it all alone ;
 In stillness read, in darkness seal,
 Forget, despise, but not reveal !

THE WORLD ALL LOVE BEFORE THEE.

E. A. FOX

I SAW thee on thy bridal day—
 When a burning blush came o'er thee,
 Though happiness around thee lay,
 The world all love before thee;
 And in thine eye a kindling light:
 (Whatever it might be)
 Was all on earth my aching sight
 Of loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame—
 As such it well may pass—
 Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
 In the breast of him, alas!
 Who saw thee on that bridal day,
 When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee,
 Though happiness around thee lay,
 The world all love before thee.

SWEET MOTHER, WHY LINGER AWAY?

[Music by G. F. Root.]

MOTHER, sweet mother, why linger away?
 Voices in sorrow are chiding thy stay;
 Sad is our dwelling and cheerless our hearth,
 Faded our earth star and silent our mirth.
 Come to thy home 'neath the wide-spreading pine;
 Strangers have taken the place that was thine;
 Love's tender accents no longer we hear,
 Come to us, mother, thou only art dear.
 Love's tender accents, &c.

Lone is the spot where they've laid thee to rest,
 Cold is the sod they have heap'd on thy breast;
 Why hast thou left us heartbroken to weep?
 Say, wilt thou never awake from thy sleep?
 Was it thy hand gently laid on our brow?
 Speak to us, mother—oh! speak to us now.
 Art thou in heaven? there, there would we be;
 When shall we come, dearest mother, to thee?
 Art thou in heaven, &c.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. [Music by Charles Horn.]

WHEN other friends are round thee,
 And other hearts are thine ;
 When other bays have crown'd thee,
 More fresh and green than mine,
 Then think how sad and lonely
 This doating heart will be,
 Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
 Beloved one, for thee !

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
 I know thy truth remains ;
 I would not live without thee,
 For all the world contains :
 Thou art the star that guides me,
 Along life's troubled sea,
 And whatever fate betides me,
 This heart still turns to thee.

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

ALL within and all without me
 Feel a melancholy thrill :
 And the darkness hangs about me,
 Oh, how still !
 To my feet the river glideth
 Through the shadow, sullen dark ;
 On the stream the white moon rideth,
 Like a bark.
 And the linden leans above me,
 Till I think some things there be .
 In this dreary world that love me,
 Even me !
 Gentle flow'rs are springing near me,
 Shedding sweetest breath around ;
 Countless voices rise to cheer me,
 From the ground.
 And the lone bird comes—I hear it,
 In the tall and windy pine,
 Pour the sadness of its spirit
 Into mine ;

There it swings and sings above me,
 Till I think some things there be
 In this dreary world that love me,
 Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me,
 On the stream I see it sway,
 Swinging, boat-like, as 'twould woo me
 Far away.

And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
 And they whisper all the pleasure
 Of the sky.

There they hang and smile above me
 Till I think some things there be
 In the very heavens that love me,
 Even me!

 THE RECONCILIATION.

R. T. CONRAD,

NAY, love, let me soothe these emotions to rest ;
 Who worth this bright tear in your eye !
 May this kiss quell the terrors that throb in your breast,
 And quiet that tremulous sigh.
 You know that I love you. Glad years have gone by
 Since I first sealed that love on your brow ;
 Yet believe me, my mourner, and quiet that sigh,
 I love you more fervently now.
 Nay, love, let me soothe these emotions to rest ;
 Who worth this bright tear in your eye !
 May this kiss quell the terrors that throb in your breast,
 And quiet that tremulous sigh.
 What, though I be wayward and wilful at times,
 You know that the warmest of skies,
 That fondly bends over the lov'liest climes,
 Is the wildest when tempests will rise.
 I am true to you ever ; my feelings still flow
 Like a full river's waves to the sea ;
 Though the rude wind may ruffle its surface, below
 Its tides set for ever to thee.
 You smile, and love's stars beam again from our sky,
 The gloom of a moment to light :
 Yet but for that sorrow, unknown were this joy ;
 And those stars are unseen, but for night.

I CANNOT FORGET THEE.

C. C. RAWLINS.

I CANNOT forget thee! thy spirit is here—
 Unseen and unheard thou art still ever near;
 Though days may have passed since together we met,
 Thine image still haunts me—I cannot forget.

When the soft sighing breeze wafts its melodies near,
 Thy voice sweetly warbling in fancy I hear;
 When bright loving visions at even-time gleam,
 I see thee before me in Love's golden dream.

O'er my heart thy bright image its impress hath made:
 That impress nor absence, nor distance shall fade;
 But here in my soul will I cherish thee yet,—
 I've seen thee and loved thee—I cannot forget.

SPEAK TENDER WORDS.

MRS. MARY HEWITT.

SPEAK tender words, mine own beloved, to me;
 Call me thy lily—thy imperial one,
 That, like the Persian, breathes adoringly
 Its fragrant worship ever to the sun.

Speak tender words, lest doubt with me prevail;
 Call me thy rose—thy queen rose! throned apart,
 That all unheedful of the nightingale,
 Folds close the dew within her burning heart.

For thou art the sun that makes my heaven fair,
 Thy love, the blest dew that sustains me here;
 And like the plant that hath its root in air,
 I only live within thy atmosphere.

Look on me with those soul-illuminated eyes,
 And murmur low in love's entrancing tone—
 Methinks the angel-lute of paradise,
 Had never voice so thrilling as thine own!

Say I am dearer to thee than renown,
 My praise more treasured than the world's acclaim:
 Call me thy laurel—thy victorious crown,
 Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name.

Breathe low to me each pure, enraptured thought,
 While thus thy arms my trusting heart entwine:
 Call me by all fond meanings love hath wrought,
 But oh, Ianthis, ever call me thine!

LOVE.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

LOVE never out of likeness springs,
 Joy marries not to joy ;
 The strong unto the gentle clings,
 The maiden to the boy.
 Around the oak the ivy twines,
 The granite fronts the sea ;
 Each to its opposite inclines,
 By strange affinity.

The star into the deep looks down,
 The deep dreams of the star ;
 Nor distance nor decay are known,
 Where love and longing are.
 Who shall the mystery unfold,
 That maketh hearts agree ?
 The secret never will be told,
 That bindeth thee to me.

THE STAR OF LOVE.*

GEO. P. MORRIS.

[Music by W. V. Wallace.]

THE star of love now shines above,
 Cool zephyrs crisp the sea ;
 Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
 Its serenade for thee.
 The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
 Their minstrelsy unite,
 But all are drear till thou appear,
 To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
 Though with a milder ray,
 O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
 It cheers us on our way.
 Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
 The heavens, the earth, the sea,
 Exert their powers to bless the hours
 We dedicate to thee.

We often hear this little song tinkled on the pianes west of Temple Bar. The composer of "Maritana" has set it to a pleasing air.

OH! BEAUTIFUL ART THOU.

Mrs. Osgood.

OH! beautiful art thou as glowing morn,
 When, from her dewy, rose-wreathed, orient bower,
 She flings to every cloud beside her borne,
 To warm its heart of snow, a blushing flower.
 And thou art graceful as the jasmine spray,
 Waved to Æolian melody in air;
 And free and joyous as a rivulet's play,
 And true as Truth, and pure as holy prayer.
 I've wreathed with heart-flowers many a beauty's shrine,
 And pour'd, in song, the soul of passion there;
 But oh! that melody and bloom divine
 Were worse than wasted on the false as fair.
 To thee—to thee—with pilgrim heart I turn;
 To thee my lute I fondly tune again;
 Of thee love's sweet and glowing lore I'll learn,
 Thy starlight smiles shall be his beaming chain.

THEY WERE GATHERED FOR A BRIDAL.

R. P. SMITH.

[Several Composers.]

THEY were gathered for a bridal,
 I knew it by their hue—
 Fair as the summer moonlight
 Upon the sleeping dew,
 From their fair and fairy sisters
 They were borne without a sigh,
 For one remembered evening
 To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal,
 And fastened in a wreath;
 But purer were the roses
 Than the heart that lay beneath;
 Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
 And the coral lip was fair,
 And the gazer looked and asked not
 For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal,
 Where a thousand torches glistened,
 When the holy words were spoken,
 And the false and faithless listened

And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken :
Yet he was present there—
The once loved, the forsaken !
They were gathered for a bridal,
And now, now they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
Their summer life was stainless,
And not like hers who wore them :
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them !

" THERE WAS A ROSE."*

SARA J. CLARKE.

THERE was a rose that blushing grew
Within my life's young bower ;
The angels sprinkled holy dew
Upon the blessed flower :
I glory to resign it, love,
Though it was dear to me ;
Amid thy laurels twine it, love,
It only blooms for thee.

There was a rich and radiant gem
I long kept hid from sight,
Lost from some seraph's diadem—
It shone with heaven's own light !
The world could never tear it, love,
That gem of gems from me ;
Yet on thy fond breast wear it, love,
It only shines for thee.

There was a bird came to my breast,
When I was very young ;
I only knew that sweet bird's nest,
To me she only sung :
But ah ! one summer day, love,
I saw that bird depart ;
The truant flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart.

* The authoress of this song sometimes shelters herself under the euphonious *nom de plume* of " Grace Greenwood." The American ladies are fond of rustic nominal fictions, and usually select them with great taste.

COME TO ME, LOVE.

MRS. EMERY.

[Adapted to several popular English Melodies.]

COME to me, love ; forget each sordid duty
 That chains thy footsteps to the crowded mart,
 Come, look with me upon earth's summer beauty,
 And let its influence cheer thy weary heart.
 Come to me, love !

Come to me, love ; the voice of song is swelling
 From nature's harp in every varied tone,
 And many a voice of bird and bee is telling
 A tale of joy amid the forests, love.
 Come to me, love !

Come to me, love ; my heart can never doubt thee,
 Yet for thy sweet companionship I pine ;
 Oh, never more can joy be joy without thee,
 My pleasures, even as my life, are thine.
 Come to me, love !

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

EPES SARGANT.

THE cold blast at the casement beats,
 The window-panes are white ;
 The snow whirls through the empty streets—
 It is a dreary night !
 Sit down, old friend, the wine-cups wait,
 Fill to o'erflowing, fill !
 Though winter howleth at the gate,
 In our hearts 'tis summer still.

For we full many summer joys
 And greenwood sports have shared,
 When, free and ever-roving boys,
 The rocks, the streams we dared !
 And as I look upon thy face—
 Back, back, ere years of ill,
 My heart flies to that happy place,
 Where it is summer still.

Yes, though, like sere leaves on the ground,
 Our early hopes are strown,
 And cherish'd flowers lie dead around,
 And singing birds are flown,

The verdure is not faded quite,
 Not mute all tones that thrill ;
 For seeing, hearing thee to-night,
 In my heart 'tis summer still.

Fill up! the olden time comes back,
 With light and life once more ;
 We scan the future's sunny track,
 From youth's enchanted shore !
 The lost return. Through fields of bloom
 We wander at our will ;
 Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
 In our hearts 'tis summer still.

M A R I O N M A Y . *

HOWARD PAUL.

O! MARION MAY, don't you love to look backward,
 And think of youth's dearly-lov'd frolicsome days ;
 Our hearts were then fresh as the dew on the roses,
 Our footsteps as light as the music of fays.
 O! don't you remember where often we rambled,
 And watched the mill-wheel wildly dashing around,
 And how the pure stream brightly flash'd in the sunlight,
 And flung the cold drops on the blossoming ground ?

And, Marion May, you can ne'er have forgotten
 The lessons we learned at the old willow-tree,
 With sweet summer sounds all around to allure us,
 The thrush, and the hum of the musical bee ;
 The hundreds of games at the swing on the hillock—
 The sports every morn 'neath the wide-spreading vine—
 The quarrel I had with you once in the wild-wood,
 For liking my brother's eyes better than mine.

Dear Marion May, we have known the heart's sorrow,
 Since those happy days have flown rapidly past ;
 We've tossed on an ocean of tumult and trouble,
 And found the next morrow as dark as the last.
 Yet bright are the hopes that from sorrow we've garner'd,
 And rich are the joys that our memories store ;
 Our hearts are still glowing with life's sweetest pleasures,
 Though childhood's fond days, like its flow'rs, are no more.

* There is an edition of this song published in London by Chappell, Bond-street. The music is by George Linley.

BELIEVE ME, 'TIS NO PANG.*

MRS. OSGOOD.

[Music by Benkert.]

BELIEVE me, 'tis no pang of jealous pride
That brings these tears I know not how to hide;
I only grieve because—because—I see
Thou find'st not all thy heart demands in me.
I only grieve that others, who care less
For thy dear love, thy lightest wish may bless;
That while to them thou'rt nothing—all to me,
They may a moment minister to thee!

Ah! if a fairy's magic might were mine,
I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine;
Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,
And everything *thou* lov'st in turn to thee!
Pliant as clouds, that haunt the sun-god still,
I'd catch each ray of thy prismatic will;
I'd be a flower—a wild, sweet flower I'd be—
And sigh my very life away for thee.

I'd be a gem, and drink light from the sun,
To glad thee with, if gems thy fancy won;
Were birds thy joy, I'd light with docile glee
Upon thy hand, and shut my wings for thee!
Could a wild wave thy glance of pleasure meet,
I'd lay my crown of spray-pearls at thy feet;
Or could a star delight thy heart, I'd be
The happiest star that ever look'd on thee.

If music lured thy spirit, I would take
A lute's aerial beauty for thy sake;
And float into thy soul, till I could see
How to become all melody to thee.
The weed, that by the garden blossom grows,
Would, if it could, be glorious as the rose;
It tries to bloom—its soul to light aspires,
The love of beauty every fibre fires.

And *I*—no luminous cloud floats by above,
But wins at once my envy and my love,
So passionately wild this thirst in me,
To be all beauty and all grace to thee.
Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,
Without even power my proud, pure love to speak,
But oh! by all I fail in, love not me
For what *I am*, but what *I wish to be*.

* A portion only of the above exquisite lines have been set to music, but "we could not find it in our heart," as Goldsmith says, to give the reader the garbled. We therefore present it complete, as we find it in the volume of collected of Mrs. Embury.

THE ROSE AND THE DEW-DROP.

R. T. CONRAD.

SHE bent o'er her rose, for the night-gloom had gone,
 And the dew-drop that blushed in its beautiful breast
 Caught the dawn's rising radiance, and trembled and shone,
 As the fresh morning's zephyr its petals caressed.
 "Like the dew-drop," she said, "in the heart of this flower,
 Is love when it first round the fond bosom twines,
 And catches the bright tints of life's early hour,
 And joys as it trembles, and shrinks as it shines."

Again she was there; but the sun from on high
 Looked down with a glowing and passionate glare;
 Ah, the dew-drop was gone! and the rose, 'neath his eye,
 Drooped sadly and faintly, but fragrantly, there.
 "And thus, ever thus, when its morning is gone,
 Is the fate of the heart," she exclaimed with a sigh,
 "And the wild joys of love which bloom bright in the dawn,
 In the fierce heat of passion, droop, wither, and die!"

MY WIFE'S KISS.*

R. T. CONRAD.

THE night-breeze sways softly my dew-matted hair,
 And the stars with the bright billows lazily play;
 No sound, save the streamlet, vibrates in the air,
 Yet vainly my lone couch would woo me away.
 That couch now is sad; slumber courts it in vain;
 Too wild is this leal bosom's love-lighted strife;
 And memory still waters, with tear-drops, its chain,
 And asks for the smile and the kiss of my wife.

My first and my only love, years have flown by,
 Long years of a passion, how blissful, how blest;
 Yet love beams as fond, as at first, from my sky,
 To swell, sway, and brighten the tides of my breast.
 Though hope may desert me, and youth may grow gray,
 And time steal away all that now lightens life,
 No fate can impair, and no age can decay,
 The joys of the smile and the kiss of my wife.

* The author of this song is a distinguished politician of Philadelphia, and has held several important public offices in that city. He is likewise the author of various plays of considerable popularity.

I LOOK'D NOT—I SIGH'D NOT.

MRS. OSCEOD.

I LOOK'D not—I sigh'd not—I dared not betray;
 The wild storm of feeling that strove to have way;
 For I knew that each sign of the sorrow I felt
 Her soul to fresh pity and passion would melt;
 And calm was my voice, and averted my eyes,
 As I parted from all that in being I prize.

I pined but one moment that form to infold,
 Yet the hand that touch'd hers like the marble was cold.
 I heard her voice falter a timid farewell,
 Nor trembled, though soft on my spirit it fell;
 And she knew not—she dream'd not—the anguish of soul
 Which only my pity for her could control.

It is over—the loveliest dream of delight
 That ever illumined a wanderer's night;
 Yet one gleam of comfort will lighten my way,
 Though mournful and desolate ever I stray;
 It is this, that to her—to my idol I spared,
 The pang that her love could have soften'd and shared.

A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

WHEN like a fairy scene, in youth,
 The untried world is spread before us,
 When fancy wears the garb of truth,
 And sunny skies are shining o'er us;
 When never yet a dream of woe
 The heart's deep sympathies have stirred,
 How little then our spirits know
 The evils of a thoughtless word.

When one by one our joys depart,
 When hope no more each bright hour measures,
 When, like a Niobe, the heart
 Sits lonely 'mid its perished treasures;
 When far from human aid we turn,
 And human comfort is unheard,
 Oh! then how bitterly we learn
 The anguish of a thoughtless word.

FAREWELL.

MRS. OSBOON.

We parted, cold and worldly eyes,
 Upon that parting fall,
 And bravely we kept back our sighs,
 And calmly said, Farewell!
 But there are looks we learned of Love,
 That only Love can read,
 And, like the flash from cloud to cloud,
 From heart to heart they speed.

Yes! in one eloquent glance thy soul,
 On wings of light, to mine
 In wild and passionate sorrow stole,
 And whisper'd words divine.
 Heaven's blessings on that royal heart;
 That thus could lavish feeling!
 'Twas almost sweet, though sad to part,
 Our silent love revealing.

ALICE.

R. H. STODDARD.

ALONG the grassy slope I sit,
 And dream of other years;
 My heart is full of soft regrets,
 Mine eyes of tender tears!
 The wild bees hummed about the spot,
 The sheep-bells tinkled far,
 Last year when Alice sat with me
 Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
 Around, the same soft bowers,
 But Alice moulders in the dust,
 With all the last year's flowers!
 I sit alone, and only hear
 The wild bees on the steep,
 And distant bells that seem to float
 From out the folds of sleep!

THE BEAM ON THE WATERS.

R. T. CONRAD.

It was eve, and her planet shone down in the dell,
 As I stood by the rock where the mountain stream fell,
 And watched the pale beam on the wave where it smiled,
 So tremblingly true and so meltingly mild :
 And I said, like that billow, thus bright from above,
 Is the heart that is lighted by woman's true love ;
 Though rocks and though ruin his pathway may fill,
 She shares in his sorrows and smiles on him still !

But a wave, 'mid the rocks, in the rage of the stream,
 From its turbulent breast spurned the tremulous beam ;
 Yet when the spent billow sank sobbing to rest,
 That fond beam returned to its still heaving breast.
 When terrors assail us, or wild passions move,
 O thus, ever thus, 'tis with woman's true love ;
 She is wronged—she is spurned—yet she loves not the less,
 But wears while she watches to brighten and bless !

BLESS THEE.*

MRS. HEWITT.

I MAY not break the holy spell
 Thy beauty wove around me,
 Till time shall loose the silver cord
 That long to earth hath bound me.
 I see thee smile on loftier ones,
 And mark the proud caress thee ;
 Yet when my lips would ope to curse,
 They never fail to bless thee.

One memory round me everywhere,
 One task in silence set me—
 Thee ever, ever thinking on,
 And striving to forget thee.
 And though the ever-goading thought
 To madness thus oppress me,
 I may not curse—I cannot hate—
 My heart still whispers, " Bless thee !"

* The authoress of this pretty lyric produced in 1846 a selection of her poems, under the title of "Songs of our Land." She writes with fervour and passion.

I CANNOT FORGET HIM.

MRS. OSGOOD.

I CANNOT forget him ! I've lock'd up my soul ;
 But not till his image deep, deep in it stole.
 I cannot forget him ! The future can cast
 No flower before me so sweet as the past.
 I turn to my books ; but his voice, rich and rare,
 Is blent with the genius that speaks to me there.

I tune my wild lyre ; but I think of the praise,
 Too precious, too dear, which he lent to my lays.
 I cannot forget him ! I try to be gay,
 To quell the wild sorrow that rises alway ;
 But wilder and darker it swells, as I try :
 If heaven could forget him, so never can I !

I cannot forget him ! I love him too well !
 His smile was endearment, his whisper a spell.
 I fly from his presence ; alas ! it is vain ;
 I see him—I hear him—he's with me again !
 He haunts me forever ; I worship him yet ;
 Oh ! idle endeavour ! I cannot forget.

'TWOULD SOONER BREAK THAN BEND TO THEE!

FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

SHOULD all who throng, with gift and song,
 And for my favour bend the knee,
 Forsake the shrine they deem divine,
 I would not stoop my soul to thee.
 The lips that breathe the burning vow,
 By falsehood base unstained must be ;
 The heart to which mine own shall bow,
 Must worship honour more than me.

The monarch of a world wert thou,
 And I a slave on bended knee,
 Though tyrant chains my form might bow,
 My soul should never stoop to thee.
 Until its hour shall come, my heart
 I will possess, serene and free ;
 Though snared to ruin by thine art,
 'Twould sooner break than bend to thee

MY MOTHER.*

EMILY E. JUDSON.

GIVE me my old seat, mother,
 With my head upon thy knee ;
 I've pass'd through many a changing scene,
 Since thus I sat by thee.
 Oh ! let me look into thine eyes—
 Their meek, soft, loving light
 Falls, like a gleam of holiness,
 Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother,
 Few sun's have rose and set,
 Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek
 My lips in kisses met.
 'Tis but a little time, I know,
 But very long it seems,
 Though every night I came to thee,
 Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
 By the child thou lov'st so well ;
 Thy prayers have circled round her path,
 And 'twas their holy spell
 Which made that path so dearly bright,
 Which strew'd the roses there,
 Which gave the light, and cast the balm,
 On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother,
 A happier never beat ;
 And even now new buds of hope
 Are bursting at my feet.
 Oh, mother ! life may be " a dream,"
 But if such *dreams* are given,
 While at the portals thus we stand,
 What are the *truths* of heaven !

I bear a happy heart, mother,
 Yet when fond eyes I see,
 And hear soft tones and winning words,
 I ever think of thee.

* The authoress of these touching verses has written many popular papers under the pseudonyme of Fanny Forester. She resided several years in India with her husband, the Rev. Mr. Judson, who is a devout missionary.

And then the tear my spirit weeps,
 Unbidden fills my eye ;
 And, like a homeless dove, I long
 Unto thy bosom to fly.

Then, I am very sad, mother,
 I'm very sad and lone ;
 Oh! there's no heart, whose inmost fold
 Ope to me like thine own !
 Though sunny smiles wreath the blooming lips,
 While love's tones meet my ear,
 My mother, one fond glance of thine
 Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, mother,
 Now hold me to thy heart ;
 I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own,
 Once more before we part.
 And, mother, to this love-lit spot,
 When I am far away,
 Come oft—*too oft* thou canst not come—
 And for thy darling pray.

I SAID, THOUGH ALL THE WORLD BESIDE.

Mrs. Osgood.

I SAID, Though all the world beside
 Should fail me, he is true ;
 And Fate that only hope denied,
 And thou hast left me too !
 I said, If ever beat on earth
 A heart where honour shone—
 The home of high and generous worth—
 That true heart is thine own.

When wildest was my soul's despair,
 When deepest was my need
 Of tenderness, and truth, and care,
 Beneath me broke the reed,
 A darker wrong than others could
 Thy falsehood wrought to me ;
 All faith, all hope in human good,
 My idol, fled with thee.

GO, THEN, FOR EVER.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Go, then, for ever! since your heart
 Can stoop to one so light, so vain;
 Though hope must perish if we part,
 With calm resolve I break the chain.
 Go, then, for ever; at the shrine
 Of beauty bend that noble brow,
 Pour forth the love I deem'd divine,
 And more than waste wild Passion's vow.

Yes, yes! her eyes are stars of night;
 Her cheek, a rose in dainty bloom;
 Her radiant smile, the morning's light;
 Her sigh, the violet's soft perfume.
 Go, then, for ever; leave the soul
 From which your lightest look or tone—
 As zephyr o'er the air-harp stole—
 Could wake a music all your own.

Leave, leave me with my breaking heart;
 If grief would let me, I could smile
 To see an idle toy of art
 So grand a soul as yours beguile.
 But when, through beauty's veil of light,
 You seek in vain for feeling's fire,
 Remember one whose day is night,
 Who breaks for you her heart and lyre!

HE CAME TOO LATE.*

MISS BOGART.

HE came too late! Neglect had tried
 Her constancy too long;
 Her love had yielded to her pride,
 And the deep sense of wrong.
 She scorned the offering of an heart
 Which lingered on its way,
 Till it could no delight impart,
 Nor spread one cheering ray.

* The authoress of this song is a lady of wealth. Fortunate Miss Bogart! she invokes the Muses at her leisure.

He came too late ! at once he felt
 That all his power was o'er !
 Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
 She thought of him no more.
 Anger and grief had passed away,
 Her heart and thoughts were free ;
 She met him, and her words were gay,
 No spell had memory.

He came too late ! the subtle chords
 Of love were all unbound,
 Not by offence of spoken words,
 But by the slights that wound.
 She knew that life held nothing now
 That could the past repay,
 Yet she disclaimed his tardy vow,
 And coldly turned away.

He came too late ! her countless dreams
 Of hope had long since flown ;
 No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
 Nor in his whispered tone.
 And when, with word and smile, he tried
 Affection still to prove,
 She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
 And spurned his fickle love.

HER FIRST SMILE.

Mrs. Osgood.

It came to my heart, like the first gleam of morning,
 To one who has watch'd through a long dreary night ;
 It flew to my heart, without prelude or warning,
 And waken'd at once there a wordless delight.
 That sweet pleading mouth, and those eyes of deep azure,
 That gazed into mine so imploringly sad ;
 How faint o'er them floated the light of that pleasure,
 Like sunshine o'er flowers, that the night-mist has clad !

Until that golden moment, her soft, fairy features,
 Had seem'd like a suffering seraph's to me ;
 A stray child of heaven's, amid earth's coarser creatures,
 Looking back for her lost home that still she could see.
 But now, in that first smile, resigning the vision,
 The soul of my loved one replies to mine own ;
 Thank God for that moment of sweet recognition,
 That over my heart like the morning light shone !

"SHE WILL BE MY OWN."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE walls of Cadiz front the shore,
 And shimmer on the sea ;
 Her merry maids are beautiful,
 But light as light can be.
 They drop me billets through the post,
 They meet me in the square,
 And even follow me to mass,
 And lift their veils in prayer.

But all their smiles and wanton arts
 Are thrown away on me ;
 My heart is now an English girl's,
 And she is o'er the sea.
 My English love is o'er the sea,
 But ere a month is flown,
 The Spanish maids will be as far,
 And she will be my own.

I SUNG TO HIM.*

MRS. HALL.

I SUNG to *him* ! I dream he hears
 The song he used to love ;
 And oft that blessed fancy cheers,
 And bears my thoughts above.
 Ye say, 'tis idle thus to dream—
 But why believe it so ?
 It is the spirit's meteor gleam,
 To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to nature's voice a tone
 That true hearts understand—
 The sky, the earth, the forest lone,
 Are peopled by his wand ;
 Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill,
 While gazing on a flower,
 And from the gentle whisp'ring rill
 Are heard the words of power.

* The American poetesses are fond of colouring the waters of their poetry with a tinge of sadness. They seem to revel in a lyric luxury of grief.

I breathe the dear and cherish'd name,
And long-lost scenes arise ;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same,
The same Hope's kindling skies.
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat,
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee.

Oh! these are all before me, when
In fancy's realms I rove ;
Why urge me to the world again ?
Why say the ties of love,
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below ?
I'll sing to him ; for though in heaven,
He surely heeds my woe.

'TIS BUT THEE, LOVE, ONLY THEE.

LOUISA S. M'CORD.

WHERE the sunbeam glanceth brightest,
There, my love, I think on thee ;
Where the summer breeze is lightest,
Still of thee, and only thee.
Where the gently murmuring stream
Lulls to soft and placid dream,
Who forever lingers near me ?
Who but thee, love? only thee!

And if fear, or dark misgiving,
Hover round with evening's gloom,
Fancy's tissues darkly weaving,
Tracing sorrows yet to come ;
Still one shadow lingering near,
Even scenes like these are dear—
Who the angel hovering near me ?
Who but thee, love? only thee!

Thus in hope, and thus in sorrow,
Fancy paints thy shadow near,
Thou the brightner of each morrow,
Thou the soother of each care.
And the sun which gives me light,
And the star which gilds my night,
And the lingering hope to cheer me,
'Tis but thee, love, only thee!

FOR THEE, LOVE, FOR THEE.

Mrs. Osgood.

As the bud lingers and looks for the spring,
 For her light fingers to open its wing;
 Folding up proudly its fresh dew and bloom,
 Wistfully hoarding its holy perfume;
 All unelated by sunbeam or bee—

So my heart waited, looking for thee.
 As the waves darkle till dawning of day,
 Then with its sparkle go dancing away.

Silent in sorrow, or reckless in glee,
 So my wild spirit watched, darling! for thee.
 As the bird hushes its love-leaving breast
 Till summer blushes about its warm nest—
 Dreaming and sleeping 'neath winter's control,
 Timidly keeping its song in its soul—
 So have I kept, dear, my heart-music free,
 So love has slept, dear, waiting for thee.

As the bark breathlessly floats for the gale
 That shall give life to its languishing sail,
 So my heart panted thy bark, love, to be—
 So it lay idle, asking for thee.

As the star listens for night stealing up,
 Ere the fire glistens within its gold cup,
 Hiding till then in the air's azure sea,
 So my heart listen'd for thee, love—thee!

HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THEE.*

Mrs. Embury.

How have I thought of thee? as flies
 The dove to seek her mate,
 Trembling lest some rude-hand has made
 Her sweet home desolate;
 Thus timidly I seek in thine,
 The only heart that throbs with mine.

* The gifted authoress of this song is a native of New York. She wrote at an early age in the various periodicals under the name of "Ianthé," and in the year 1828 these contributions, with many other pieces, were collected into a volume. Many of her fugitive tales, sketches, songs, and poems, have been republished from time to time in England, and read with satisfaction. "Mrs. Embury resides at present in Brooklyn. Her many home-bred virtues and capabilities, her well-conducted household, and the happiness, harmony, and content which reign there, prove a delightful contradiction to the silly idea that women of genius cannot be women of domestic worth. But it is certainly true, as a noble writer of great penetration (Hannah More) affirms, that 'those women who are so swollen up with the conceit of talents, as to neglect the plain duties of life, will not often be found to be women of the best abilities.'"

How have I thought of thee? as turns
 The flower, to meet the sun,
 E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
 It be not shone upon ;
 Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see
 The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams
 The mariner of home,
 When doomed o'er many a weary waste
 Of waters yet to roam ;
 Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,
 My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee? as kneels
 The Persian at the shrine
 Of his resplendent god, to watch
 His earliest glories shine ;
 Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
 My soul's own radiant deity.

I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

C. FERNO HOFFMAN.

I WILL love her no more—'tis a waste of the heart,
 This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part ;
 Who, heedless the treasure a life could not earn,
 Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more ; it is folly to give
 Our best years to one, when for many we live.
 And he who the world will thus barter for one,
 I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more ; it is heathenish thus
 To bow to an idol which bends not to us ;
 Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not for aught,
 That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more ; for no love is without
 Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out ;
 She engrosseth it all, and till some she restore,
 Than this moment I love her, how can I love *more*?

LET HIM GO.

Mrs. OSGOOD.

LET him go! If a smile could Love's sever'd chain rivet—
 If a sigh could recall him—I'd die ere I'd give it.
 Let him go! He shall learn how a woman's deep pride,
 Once roused, can o'ermaster all passions beside.
 While I girlishly trusted each vow that he said,
 A word could have won me, a look could have led.
 For pliant and light, as a flower to the air,
 Is woman's fond spirit to kindness and care.
 But now—not a tear, not a shade shall discover
 One trace of my grief to my false-hearted lover.
 And now—the proud star, that beams purest on high,
 Shall stoop at his bidding as easy as I!

DO NOT BLAME ME.*

ALICE B. NEAL.

I'VE been thinking of my faults, till my heart is like to break—
 How very many are the foes, how few the friends I make!
 And still within my hidden heart sincere affection lies,
 The priceless gift of human love I well know how to prize.
 Yet often those I love the most have not one thought of me;
 When looking up for kindly smiles, indifference I see;
 And then the pleasant words that rose upon my lips have died,
 Leaving me mournfully to crush my sorrow and my pride.
 I strive that I may not offend, I check each careless word,
 I seek to hide from other ears dark tales my own have heard;
 I would not, even by a thought, add to another's grief,
 Yet often I have given pain where I would bring relief.
 And sometimes when my changeful mood brings feelings wild and gay,
 And when in eagerness I cease to guard what'er I say,
 A word which in itself was naught, is made to seem unkind,
 Bright thoughts for evil ones are changed, and tears for smiles I find.
 I am lonely, very lonely, my heart is throbbing fast,
 And tears are gathering in my eyes for follies that are past;
 Yet know I that by suffering the spirit is made pure,
 So I would calmly bear the pain Heav'n wills I should endure.

* This is scarcely a fair specimen of Mrs. Neal's powers; but, unfortunately, we are not aware of the existence of a collected volume of her lyrics. This charming authoress—and she is indeed charming, both in mind and person—resides in Philadelphia. Of her poetry, a critic writes:—"It possesses great fervour of feeling, a clearness and depth of thought, and a delightful freedom of expression."

"SHE WILL DREAM OF ME."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE moon is muffled in a cloud,
 That folds the lover's star,
 But still beneath thy balcony
 I touch my soft guitar.
 If thou art waking, lady dear,
 The fairest in the land,
 Unbar thy wreathed lattice now,
 And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not ; her spirit lies
 In trances mute and deep ;
 But music turns the golden key
 Within the gate of sleep.
 Then let her sleep ; and if I fail
 To set her spirit free,
 My song will mingle in her dream,
 And she will dream of me !

SPEAK NO MORE.

MRS. OSGOOD.

SPEAK no more ; I dare not hear thee ;
 Every word and tone divine,
 All too fatally endear thee
 To this daring soul of mine.
 Smile no more ; I must not see thee ;
 Every smile's a golden net.
 Heart entangled, what can free thee ?
 What can soothe thy wild regret ?

Speak again ! smile on for ever !
 Let me in that music live ;
 Let me in that light endeavour
 To forget the grief they give.
 Thrill my soul with voice and look, love,
 Like the harp-tone in the air ;
 Like the starlight in the brook, love,
 They will still live treasured there.

THINK OF ME, DEAREST

C. FERNO HOFFMAN.

THINK of me, dearest, when day is breaking
 Away from the sable chains of night,
 When the sun his ocean-couch forsaking,
 Like a giant first in his strength awaking,
 Is flinging abroad his limbs of light ;
 As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,
 Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—
 As the dream that has cheated my soul through the night,
 Let me in thy thoughts come fresh with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking
 In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
 When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
 And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,
 As they start like gems on the moon-touch'd spray.
 Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
 As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,
 When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,
 While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling
 Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee ;
 When words are winning and looks are willing,
 And those words and looks, of *others*, beguiling
 Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
 Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour ;
 Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have power,
 When all that can lure to thy young soul is nearest
 To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

HER HANDS CLASPED IN ANGUISH.

MRS. OSGOOD.

HER hands clasp'd in anguish—her black eyes bent low,
 With motionless grace, as if sculptured in stone,
 Half veiled by her dark hair's magnificent flow,
 Sweet Fazry is standing—a captive—alone !
 "Kara Aly!"—the statue awakes to that name,
 As the marble grew warm 'neath the love-spell of old !
 Lo! her pale cheek is kindling with beautiful shame ;
 And her eye is on fire with emotion untold !

"Frail flower of Kazan! you were nursed from your birth
 Amid luxuries rarest and richest of earth;—
 Why left you that home with the fierce mountain chief?"
 "I loved him!" she murmur'd, in passionate grief.
 "So young and so lovely, a cavern your home!
 Ne'er languish'd that spirit for freedom to roam?
 Rude dwelling for creature so fragile and fair!"
 "Ah, no!" she replied, "Kara Aly was there!"

COME HITHER, YOU WILD LITTLE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Mrs. Osgood.

COME hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp,
 With your mischievous smile and your musical lisp,
 With your little head toss'd like a proud fairy queen,
 My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine.

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?
 Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?
 Did you coax, from the clouds of a sunset serene,
 The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,
 The ravishing tones that with melody thrill?
 Ah! your little light heart wonders what I can mean,
 For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine!

I KNOW THOU DOST LOVE ME.

C. FERNO HOFFMAN.

I KNOW thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,
 And curl that beautiful lip,
 Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
 Of burning its dew to sip.
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
 And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
 They towards each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
 'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
 I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,
 And pilfer its thoughts away.
 I will come in thy dreams in the midnight hour,
 And thy soul in secret shall own the power
 It dares to mock by day!

ROSALIE CLARE.

C. FRENCH HOFFMAN.

WHO owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair,
 Who questions the beauty of ROSALIE CLARE?
 Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
 And though harness'd in proof, he must perish or yield;
 For no gallant can splinter, no charger may dare,
 The lance that is couch'd for young ROSALIE CLARE.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
 Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,
 And fond wishes for fair ones around offer'd up
 From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,
 What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
 Or is whisper'd more warmly than ROSALIE CLARE.

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine,
 Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;
 Of the houris that gladden the East with their smiles,
 Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;
 But what flower of far-away clime can compare
 With the blossom of ours—bright ROSALIE CLARE.

Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair,
 Let him meet but the glances of ROSALIE CLARE!
 Let him list to her voice, let him gaze on her form,
 And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm,
 Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air,
 Than that which is bless'd by sweet ROSALIE CLARE.

I'LL RETURN TO THEE.*

HOWARD PAUL.

THE brook beneath the gentle moon
 Its own sweet music fondly learns;
 The wild bird roving all the day,
 Again to its own nest returns.
 The clouds around the mountain's brow
 Will soon hang o'er the amber sea—
 But as the clouds again will seek
 That brow, so I'll return to thee.

* Published by Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street, London.

The blossoms fold their silken leaves,
 But then they'll brightly bloom once more ;
 The stars have gone out one by one,
 They'll beam as they have oft before.
 The twilight with its pencillings
 Has tipt with shade the distant lea—
 To-morrow's sun will make all bright,
 When, dearest, I will be with thee.

THE LOVE MY HEART ACCORDED YOU.

MRS. OSGOOD.

THE love my heart accorded you
 Was proud, and pure, and strong :
 It might have well rewarded you
 For years of ruth and wrong.
 You saw my spirit soaring high,
 Nor follow'd where it flew ;
 But strove with wild adoring sigh,
 To make it stoop to you.

In vain ; the fire it cherishes
 For ever upward tends,
 And when this frail frame perishes,
 With heaven's own glory blends.
 For no ignoble flame of yours,
 Foregoes my love its light ;
 If it leave you, the shame be yours,
 Who dared not share its flight.

Each tender glance I granted you,
 Your passion false profaned ;
 Each whisper that enchanted you,
 Your senses only chain'd.
 And now but calm disdain I give,
 Where once my soul I lent ;
 Escaped your thrall, again I live
 In high and cold content.

MY HEART WAS LIKE A QUIET LAKE.

HOWARD PAUL.

[*Music by Stephen Glover.*]

My heart was like a quiet lake,
 That flows within a tranquil dell,
 Where all was sweetest peacefulness,
 And echo e'en refused to dwell.
 Upon its shores grew gentle flowers,
 Light clouds were mirrored in its breast,
 And o'er it flitted starry birds,
 At even on their way to rest.

The sun of love dawned on that lake—
 Each wavelet gleamed with amber rays,
 The charm of quietude had flown—
 All was a dream of former days.
 Where clouds and flowers once had been,
 Now Passion claimed the spot her own—
 And oft, where birds rejoiced to sing,
 Was heard the minstrel's plaintive tone.

SHE IS FLITTING LIKE A FAIRY.

MRS. OSGOOD.

SHE is flitting like a fairy
 Through the mazes of the dance—
 Like a fairy, wild and airy,
 And I cannot win her glance.
 She has braided many a jewel
 In those waves of auburn hair ;
 O fickle, false, and cruel,
 Dost thou see my deep despair ?

She has lost the rose I gave her,
 In her virgin zone to rest ;
 And a ruby's light doth waver
 On the snow-swell of her breast.
 Ah ! the gem is wealth's proud token,
 And its glare has won her eye ;
 While the love the rose has spoken
 She has cast unheeded by.

I KNEW NOT HOW I LOVED THEE.

C. FERRO HOFFMAN.

I KNEW not how I loved thee—no!
 I knew it not till all was o'er—
 Until thy lips had told me so—
 Had told me I must love no more!
 I knew not how I loved thee!—yet
 I long had loved thee wildly well;
 I thought 'twere easy to forget—
 I thought a word would break the spell:

And even when that word was spoken,
 Ay! even till the very last,
 I thought, that spell of faith once broken,
 I could not long lament the past.
 O foolish heart! O feeble brain!
 That love could thus deceive—subdue!
 Since hope cannot revive again,
 Why cannot memory perish too?

THE FAREWELL.

C. FERRO HOFFMAN.

[Music by C. Horn.]

THE conflict is over, the struggle is past—
 I have look'd, I have loved, I have worshipp'd my last;
 And now back to the world, and let Fate do her worst
 On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed,
 To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
 And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;
 I blame not—upbraird not—one motive of thine;
 I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
 I reckon not what chances have doom'd us to part;
 I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
 And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—O! loved but too well,
 Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
 Farewell! thou has trampled love's faith in the dust,
 Thou has torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!
 Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
 I would pour out my own own in this last fond farewell!

AFTER 'NEATH THE FLOWERS.

Mrs. OSGOOD.

lung his garland gaily
maid in seeming play ;
perience whisper'd daily,
ak the chain while yet you may."
" she cried, "'tis but a toy,
ed of many a fragrant flower ;
still its bloom enjoy,—
break it any hour."

e sported freely, lightly,
her soft and glowing chain ;—
it clasps my heart so tightly,
t break the toy in twain."
olve! the tie that bound her,
m'd 'neath her struggling will ;
blossoms fell around her,
he fetter linger'd still.

PARTED IN SADNESS.

C. FENNO HOFFMAN.

sadness, but spoke not of parting ;
ot of hopes that we both must resign ;
yes—and but one tear-drop starting,
her hand as it trembled in mine.
the past we could never recover,
at the future no hope could restore ;
at wringing the heart of her lover,
to say I must meet her no more.

re gone by, and the spring-time smiles ever,
young loves it first smiled in their birth ;
re gone by, yet that parting, oh ! never
gotten by either on earth.
oh wild-bird that carols toward heaven,
c of swift-winged hopes that were mine ;
hat steals over each blossom at even,
he tear-drop that wept their decline.

PASTORAL AND RURAL.

WOODMAN! SPARE THAT TREE.*

G. P. MORRIS.

[*Music by H. Russell.*]

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough ;
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot,
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old, familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea—
 And wouldst thou hew it down ?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
 Oh ! spare that aged oak,
 Now tow'ring to the skies !

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade ;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters play'd.
 My mother kiss'd me here,
 My father press'd my hand ;
 I ask it with a tear,—
 Oh ! let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 There shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Still the wild storm thou'lt brave,
 Then, woodman, leave the spot
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that this song is as popular in England as in America—an observation that applies to many lyrics of the same author.

THE YELLOW CORN.

C. EASTMAN.

*Come, boys, sing!—
Sing of the yellow corn,
Sing, boys, sing,
Sing of the yellow corn!*

He springeth up from the fallow soil,
With his blade so green and tall,
And he payeth well the reaper's toil,
When the husks in the autumn fall.

*The pointed leaves,
And the golden ear,
The rustling sheaves,
In the ripened year—*

*Sing, boys, sing!
Sing of the yellow corn,
Sing, boys, sing,
Sing of the yellow corn!*

He drinks the rain in the summer long,
And he loves the streams that run,
And he sends the stalk so stout and strong
To bask in the summer sun.

*The pointed leaves,
And the golden ear,
The rustling sheaves,
In the ripened year—*

*Sing, boys, sing!
Sing of the yellow corn,
Sing, boys, sing,
Sing of the yellow corn!*

He loves the dews of the starry night,
And the breathing wind that plays
With his tassels green, when the mellow light
Of the moon on the meadow stays.

*The pointed leaves,
And the golden ear,
The rustling sheaves,
In the ripened year—*

*Sing, boys, sing!
Sing of the yellow corn,
Sing, boys, sing,
Sing of the yellow corn!*

A glorious thing is the yellow corn,
 With the blade so green and tall;
 A blessed thing is the yellow corn,
 When the husks in the autumn fall.

*Then, sing, boys, sing!
 Sing of the yellow corn,
 Sing, boys, sing,
 Sing of the yellow corn!*

*The pointed leaves,
 And the golden ear,
 The rustling sheaves,
 In the ripened year—*

*Come, sing, boys, sing!
 Sing of the yellow corn,
 Sing, boys, sing,
 Sing of the yellow corn!*

SPRING-TIME.

J. H. WAINWRIGHT. [Music by G. F. Bristow.

SPRING-TIME is coming, all laden with flowers,
 Spreading her mantle of green o'er the bowers.
 The lark, high in air, is beginning to sing
 Her song of rejoicing to welcome the Spring.

Brooks are flowing,
 Life bestowing;
 Lovely Nature seems to fling
 All her charms,
 With willing arms,
 In the lap of blooming Spring.

Silver-haired Winter before her is flying,
 In the depths of the valley unwept he is dying—
 Save the tears of compassion that pity may wring
 From the bright eyes of April—the infant of Spring.

Birds are mating,
 Bliss relating,
 In each tuneful strain they sing!
 Haste, then, dearest,
 Love seems nearest,
 Holiest, brightest, in the Spring.

S U M M E R .

W. G. CLARK.

THE Spring's gay blossom melted into thee,
 Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here ;
 The emerald robes are on each leafy tree ;
 In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear ;
 And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
 They leap in music 'midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unclouded west,
 Are burden'd with the breath of countless fields ;
 They teem with incense from the green earth's breast
 That up to heaven its graceful odour yields ;
 Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
 By nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene the sun-illumined heart
 Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
 When through its bars the morning glories dart,
 And forest-anthems in his hearing swell—
 And, like the heaving of the voiceful sea,
 His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
 O Summer! in my inmost soul arise
 Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
 And the bland air with its soft melodies ;—
 Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,
 I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
 And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling
 To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride :
 I would soar upward, on unfetter'd wing,
 Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
 Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies !

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
 The darting swallows soar and sing,
 And from the stately elms I hear
 The blue-bird prophesying Spring.
 So blue yon winding river flows,
 It seems an outlet from the sky,
 Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
 The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the birds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest ;
And even the nest beneath the eaves—

There are no birds in last year's nest.
All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight,
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden ! thou read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May.
Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

TAKE DOWN THE SICKLE.

C. EASTMAN.

TAKE down the sickle, boys ! hurrah !
The ears of ripened grain
Are waiting for the reaper's hand
Upon the fertile plain !
The mellow moon, the changing leaves,
The earlier setting sun,
Proclaim, at last, my merry boys,
The harvest-time begun.

Thick on the hills, to-morrow noon
The gathered stock must see,
And with the loads of yellow corn
Shall groan the axle-tree ;
The frost, my boys, will soon be here !
And winter's on the way,—
These glorious days will never, boys,
For lazy farmers stay !

Take down the sickle, boys ! hurrah !
While loads of ripened grain
Are waiting for the reaper's hand
Upon the fruitful plain,
We'll gather up the golden corn
In thankfulness once more,
And fill with the returning seed
Our baskets and our store.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

MARQUERITE ST. LEON LOUD.

THERE is a lonely homestead
 In a green and quiet vale,
 With its tall trees sighing mournfully
 To every passing gale ;
 There are many mansions round it,
 In the sunlight gleaming fair ;
 But moss-grown is that ancient roof,
 Its walls are gray and bare.

Where once glad voices sounded
 Of children in their mirth,
 No whisper breaks the solitude
 By that deserted hearth.
 The swallow from her dwelling
 In the low eaves hath flown ;
 And all night long, the whip-poor-will
 Sings by the threshold stone.

And where are they whose voices
 Rang out o'er hill and dale ?
 Gone ;—and their mournful history
 Is but an oft-told tale.

There smiles no lovelier valley
 Beneath the summer sun,
 Yet they who dwelt together there
 Departed one by one.

Oh ! blest are they who linger
 'Mid old familiar things,
 Where every object o'er the heart
 A hallow'd influence flings.
 Though won are wealth and honours,—
 Though reach'd fame's lofty dome,—
 There are no joys like those which dwell
 Within our childhood's home.

WEND, LOVE, WITH ME!

C. F. HOFFMAN.

WEND, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend,
 Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
 Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
 Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.

Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
 Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,
 From the saffron orchis and lupin blue,
 And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle, us both shall bear,
 One hand of each on the bridle meet,
 And beneath the wrist that entwines me there,
 An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
 I will sing thee many a joyous lay,
 As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,
 While the winds that over the prairie play,
 Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool, bright streams,
 Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
 And our hearth shall smile like the sun's warm gleams
 Through the branches around our lodge that meet.
 Then wend with me, to the deep woods, wend,
 Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
 Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
 Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep!

UP, COMRADES, UP!

C. F. HOFFMAN.

[*Music by Bristow.*]

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake
 Upon the mountain side,
 The curlew's wing hath swept the lake,
 And the deer hath left the tangled brake,
 To drink from the limpid tide.
 Up, comrades, up! the mead lark's note
 And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float;
 The squirrel he springs from his covert now,
 To prank it away on the chestnut bough,
 Where the oriole's pendent nest, high up,
 Is rock'd on the swaying trees;
 While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup,
 As it bends to the morning breeze.
 Up, comrades, up! our shallows grate
 Upon the pebbly strand,
 And our stalwart hounds impatient wait
 To spring from the huntsman's hand.

NOT A LEAF ON THE TREE.

J. T. FIELDS.

NOR a leaf on the tree, not a bud in the hollow,
 Where late swung the blue-bell, and blossom'd the rose ;
 And hush'd is the cry of the swift-darting swallow
 That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.
 Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented brier
 That bloom'd o'er the hillock, and gladden'd the vale ;
 And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire
 Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-cover'd pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain
 That prattled and shone in the light of the moon ;
 Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
 And lock'd up in silence its frolicsome tune.
 Then heap up the hearthstone with dry forest branches,
 And gather about me, my children, in glee ;
 For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
 And dear is the home of my loved one to me.

COME, BROTHERS, AROUSE.

W. B. BERNARD.

[*Music by Russell.*]

COME, brothers, arouse, let the owl go to rest,
 Oh ! the summer sun's in the sky ;
 The bee's on the wing and the hawk's in his nest,
 And the river runs merrily by.
 Our mother, the world, a good mother is she,
 Says to toil is to welcome her fare ;
 Some bounty she hangs us on every tree,
 And blesses us in the sweet air.

Oh, come, brothers, arouse, &c.

And this is the life for a man, a man,
 And this is the life for me—
 The prince may boast if he can, he can,
 But he never was half so free.
 Our mother, the world, a good mother is she,
 Says to toil is to welcome her fare ;
 Some bounty she hangs on every tree,
 And blesses us in the sweet air.

Oh, come, brothers, arouse, &c.

THE REAPER ON THE PLAIN.

C. G. EASTMAN.

BENDING o'er his ickle
 'Mid the yellow grain,
 Lo! the sturdy reaper,
 Reaping on the plain;
 Singing as the sickle
 Gathers to his hand,
 Rustling in its ripeness,
 The glory of his land.
 Mark the grain before him,
 Swaying in the wind,
 And the even gavel
 Following behind.
 Bound in armful bundles,
 Standing one by one,
 The yester' morning's labour
 Ripens in the sun.
 Long I've stood and ponder'd,
 Gazing from the hill,
 While the sturdy reaper
 Sung and laboured still;
 Bending o'er his sickle,
 'Mid the yellow grain,
 Happy and contented,
 Reaping on the plain.
 And as upon my journey,
 I leave the maple tree,
 Thinking of the difference
 Between the man and me,
 I turn again to see him
 Reaping on the plain,
 And almost wish my labour
 Were the sickle and the grain.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.*

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

* This beautiful domestic poem has been set to music by various composers. In the form of song and recitation, it has long been a favourite in the United States.

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
 How quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips ;
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though fill'd with the nectar that JUPITER sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sigh for the bucket that hangs in the well—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the well.

THE WOODMAN.* [Music by Bellak.]

E. C. KINNEY.

HE shoulders his axe for the woods, and away
 Hies over the fields at the dawn of the day,
 And merrily whistles some tune as he goes,
 So heartily trudging along through the snows.
 His dog scents his track, and pursues to a mark,
 Now sending afar the shrill tones of his bark—
 Then answering the echo that comes back again
 Through the clear air of morn, o'er valley and plain.

* Rufus Griswold, the industrious compiler of the "Poets and Poetry of America," gives the above a place in his repository of lyric offerings. The tune that has been wedded to "The Woodman" is most unsatisfactory; and we are inclined to think General Morris, that such beautiful words deserved a better fate.

And now in the forest the woodman doth stand :
His eye marks the victims to fall by his hand,
While true to its aim is the ready axe found,
And quick do its blows through the woodland resound.

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form,
Whose freshness and strength have braved many a storm ;
And the sturdy oak shakes that ne'er trembled before,
Though the years of his glory outnumber threescore.

They fall side by side—just as man in his prime
Lies down with the locks that are whitened by time :
The trees which are felled into ashes will burn,
As man, by Death's blow, unto dust will return.

But twilight approaches ; the woodman and dog
Come plodding together through snowdrift and bog ;
The axe again shouldered, its day's work hath done ;
The woodman is hungry—the dog wants his bone.

Oh, home is then sweet, and the evening repast !
But the brow of the woodman with thought is o'ercast ;
He is conning a truth to be tested by all—
That man, like the trees of the forest, must fall.

MILITARY AND PATRIOTIC.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.*

F. S. Key.†

O! SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 That so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming ;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming !
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there ;
 O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

* It has been said that the devices and colours of the national flag of the United States were adopted from the coat of arms of General Washington. Of this there is considerable doubt, as the flag, during the revolution, underwent several important changes. We find recorded the following resolution of Congress, passed June 14, 1777 :—

"Resolved,—That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white: that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

From the above resolution, it is apparent (taking into consideration the use of union flags in imitation of the mother country) that its object was merely to give the authorisation of Congress to a colour existing, so far as the stripes and part of the flag called the union were concerned; but it is worthy of remark, that the character of the new emblem for that union is specially described as representing "a new constellation."

The effect of this resolution was the exclusion of the British bars of blue, white, and red, and the substitution of a halo of fifteen white stars on a blue surface—the circle suggesting the idea of the perpetuity of the Union, and the numerals indicating the number of the States. The stripes were also maintained to show the union of the colonies.

The change was thus denoted :—

"Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the first day of May, Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, white in a blue field." Approved, January 13, 1794. This was the flag of the United States during the war of 1812-14.

In 1818 the flag was again altered, and a return made to the thirteen stripes, on the ground that if a stripe was added on the admission of each new State, the ensign would become unwieldy and out of proportion. A proposition was also made to arrange the stars of the Union into a single star, and do away with the halo as sanctioned by the adoption of 1794.

The resolution of 1818 was as follows :—

"Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white, in a blue space.

"And that, on the admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission." Approved, April 4, 1818.

The union of the United States' flag at present contains thirty-one stars.

† Francis S. Key is a native of Baltimore. This song is supposed to have been written by a prisoner on board the British fleet, on the morning after the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort McHenry.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
 Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge can save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
 And this be our motto, "In GOD is our trust;"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.*

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.† Born 1779.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
 Our fathers' native soil!
 O stretch thy mighty hand,
 Gigantic grown by toil,

* This chant was first published in Coleridge's "Sybilline Leaves" in 1810.

† The author of this chant is the oldest of the living poets of America, and one of the most illustrious of her painters. "He was born in South Carolina of a family which has contributed some eminent names to American annals, though none that sheds more lustre upon the parent stock than his own." He entered Harvard College in 1798, where he remained several years; visited London in 1801, and became a student of the Royal Academy—his compatriot, Benjamin West, being then the President of this celebrated institution. "Within a year from the beginning of his residence in London he was a successful exhibitor at Somerset House, and a general favourite with the most distinguished members of his profession." Mr. Allston, after remaining several years in England and France, proceeded to Rome, where he became the fellow-student and associate of VANDERLYN, THORWALDSEN, COLERIDGE, and other men of genius and learning. At present the venerable and distinguished poet-painter resides at Cambridge-port, near Boston.

O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore ;
 For thou, with magic might,
 Canst reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep,
 Shall hail the great sublime ;
 While the Tritons of the deep
 With the conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
 Then let the world combine ;
 O'er the main our naval line,
 Like the milky-way, shall shine
 Bright in fame.

Though ages long have pass'd
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains.

While the language free and bold,
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our MILTON told
 How the vault of heaven rung,
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun :
 Yet still from either beach,
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 " We are one."

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

W. D. GALLAGHER. BOTH 1810.

The mothers of our forest-land !

Stout-hearted dames were they ;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.

Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land !

On old Kentucky's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and life's toil !

They shrank not from the foe-man—
They quail'd not in the fight—
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land !

Their bosoms pillow'd men !
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen,

To load the sure, old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it, should he fall !

The mothers of our forest-land !

Such were their daily deeds :
Their monument !—where does it stand ?
Their epitaph !—who reads ?

No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who or lauds or honours them,
E'en in their own green home ?

The mothers of our forest-land !

They sleep in unknown graves :
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected !
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
“ The dark and bloody ground.”

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.*

PHILIP FRENAU. Born 1752; died 1832.

THOUGH clad in winter's gloomy dress,
 All Nature's works appear,
 Yet other prospects rise to bless
 The new returning year :
 The active sail again is seen
 To greet our western shore,
 Gay plenty smiles, with brow serene,
 And wars distract no more.

No more the vales, no more the plains,
 An iron harvest yield ;
 Peace guards our doors, impels our swains
 To till the grateful field :
 From distant climes, no longer foes
 (Their years of misery past),
 Nation's arrive to find repose
 In these domains at last.

And, if a more delightful scene
 Attracts the mortal eye
 Where clouds nor darkness intervene,
 Behold, aspiring high,
 On freedom's soil those fabrics plann'd,
 On virtue's basis laid,
 That make secure our native land,
 And prove our toils repaid.

Ambitious aims and pride severe,
 Would you at distance keep,
 What wanderer would not tarry here,
 Here charm his cares to sleep ?
 O ! still may health her balmy wings
 O'er these fair fields expand,
 While commerce from all climates brings
 The products of each land.

Through toiling care and lengthen'd views,
 That share alike our span,
 Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues,
 The eternal friend of man :

* The author of this song was one of the Revolutionary poets who wrote verses to inspire the patriots, if their enthusiasm should in any degree wane. He enjoyed the friendship of Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, all of which distinguished men entertained a high opinion of his integrity and talents. "His patriotic ballads were sung everywhere, with great warmth, about 1776—the period that the English were most active in the colonies," says a biographer. Frenau was the son of a Huguenot who went to the New World soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

The darkness of the days to come,
 She brightens with her ray,
 And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb,
 When sickening to decay!

HUZZA, MY JO BUNKERS!*

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD. Born 1765; died 1798.

HUZZA, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay;
 Here's a pardon for WHEELER, SHAYS, PARSONS, and DAY! †
 Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause;
 Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws:
 Constitutions and oaths, sir, we mind not a rush;
 Such trifles must yield to us lads of the brush.
 New laws and new charters our books shall display,
 Composed by conventions and Counsellor GREY.
 Since Boston and Salem so haughty have grown,
 We'll make them to know we can let them alone.
 Of Glasgow or Pelham we can make a sea-port,
 And there we'll assemble our General Court:
 Our governor, now, boys, shall turn out to work,
 And live, like ourselves, on molasses and pork;
 In Adams or Greenwich he'll live like a peer
 On three hundred pounds, paper money, a year.
 Grand jurors, and sheriffs, and lawyers we'll spurn,
 As judges, we'll all take the bench in our turn,
 And sit the whole term, without pension or fee,
 Nor CUSHING or SEWAL look graver than we.
 Our wigs, though they're rusty, are decent enough;
 Our aprons, though black, are of durable stuff;
 Array'd in such gear, the laws we'll explain,
 That poor people no more shall have cause to complain.
 To Congress and impost we'll plead a release;
 The French we can beat half a dozen apiece;
 We want not their guineas, their arms, or alliance;
 And as for the Dutchmen, we'll bid them defiance.
 Then, huzza, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay;
 Here's a pardon for WHEELER, SHAYS, PARSONS, and DAY;
 Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause;
 Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws.

* A radical song of 1786.

† Names of the leaders of the insurrection that arose in 1786, in the state of Massachusetts, chiefly in the counties of Hampshire, Berkshire, and Worcester; which after convulsing the state for about a year, was finally quelled by a military force under the command of General LINCOLN and General SAUNDERS. The leaders fled from the state, and were afterwards pardoned.—*Minor's History of the Insurrection in Massachusetts.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

W. CULLEN BRYANT. Born 1792.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When MARION'S name is told.
 Our fortress is the good green wood,
 Our tent the cypress tree;
 We know the forest round us
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again;
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil:
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gather'd
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly,
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that MARION leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.

"AFTER THE BATTLE."

69

'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain ;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with MARION,
For MARION are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

"AFTER THE BATTLE"

(From the Opera of "RIP VAN WINKLE," by J. H. WAINWRIGHT.)

[Music by G. F. Bristol.]

SPREAD our banners to the wind,
For our glorious task is done :
Chains no more Columbia bind—
Freedom's sons have fought and won.
Our starry flag waves proudly o'er us,
Days of peace rise bright before us ;
Echo answers back the chorus,
Union, Freedom, Washington.

Weep not for the brave who died—
In their country's cause they fell ;
Let the tears of grief be dried—
In their country's heart they dwell.
They have gained immortal glory,
Theirs is an undying story—
Smiling youth and grandsire hoary
Of their glorious deeds shall tell.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.*

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.†

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.

* This national lyric has little pretension to poetic merit; but it is as universally sung throughout the United States as "Rule Britannia" is in England, or the "Marseilles Hymn" in France. The author of the song, a few months before his death, wrote the following letter to a friend, in which he details an account of the circumstances attending the composition of "Hail, Columbia."—

"It was written in the summer of 1796, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher—I think not so high—in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, who had talent as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song, adapted to the tone of the "President's March," he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honour and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or the question, which was most in fault in their treatment of us: of course the song found favour with both parties, for both were Americans; at least, neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"To _____"

"JOS. HOPKINSON.

† The Honourable Joseph Hopkinson, LL.D., Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, and President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, &c., died in Philadelphia on the 15th of January, 1842, in the seventy-second year of his

He was a son of Francis Hopkinson, one of the most distinguished patriots of the nation.

Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost ;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty ;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more ;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
 Let WASHINGTON'S great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause :
 Let every clime to Freedom dear
 Listen with a joyful ear,
 With equal skill and god-like power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war ; or guides, with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat :
 But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm—united, &c.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

J. PIERPONT.

DAY of glory! welcome day!
 Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
 See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
 On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,
 On the heights where squadrons wheel'd,
 When a tyrant's thunder peal'd
 O'er the trembling seas.

GOD of armies! did thy "stars
 In their courses" smite his cars,
 Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
 On our standard, lo! they burn,
 And, when days like this return,
 Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn
 Who for freedom died.

GOD of peace!—whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er;—
 O, let freemen be our sons;
 And let future WASHINGTONS
 Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
 'Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,
 By the warrior's gory breast—
 Never let our graves be press'd
 By a despot's throne;
 By the pilgrim's toils and cares,
 By their battles and their prayers,
 By their ashes,—let our heirs
 Bow to thee alone.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

FATHER, look up and see that flag,
 How gracefully it flies,
 Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
 A rainbow in the skies.
 It is my country's flag, my son,
 And proudly drinks the light
 O'er ocean's wave—in foreign climes,
 A symbol of our might.

Father, what fearful noise is that,
 Like thundering of the clouds?
 Why do the people wave their hats,
 And rush along in crowds?
 It is the voice of cannonry,
 The glad shout of the free,
 This is the day of Memory, dear,
 'Tis freedom's jubilee.

I wish that I was now a man,
 I'd fire my cannon too,
 And cheer as loudly as the rest:
 But, father, why don't you?
 I'm getting old and weak, but still
 My heart is big with joy;
 I've witnessed many a day like this,
 Shout ye aloud, my boy.

Hurrah! for freedom's jubilee,
 God bless our native land;
 And may I live to hold the sword
 Of freedom in my hand!
 Well done, my boy—grow up and love
 The land that gave you birth:
 A home where freedom loves to dwell,
 Is paradise on earth.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

ΑΝΟΝΥΜΟΣ.

FLAG of our country! haughtily waving
 Over a coast two oceans are laving—
 Sunrise emerging, sunset declining
 Where her horizon of billows is shining—
 Not for the breadth of her regions unfolding,
 Kindle my eye and my heart, thee beholding;

But that a home and a refuge she giveth
 Freely to every freeman that liveth;
 But that she standeth, a peaceful redresser
 To the oppressed against the oppressor,
 None to cast insult outrage upon her,
 None, haughty banner, thy sign to dishonour!

What though inherited evils should vex us,
 One gloomy problem divide and perplex us?

Preachers of treason and scers of disaster
 Make us but cling to our UNION the faster ;
 Be we by pledges of faith but restricted,
 Time shall provide for what Time has inflicted !

Ay, while the breezes of heaven shall fan her,
 We will desert not America's banner ;
 Clouds shall not frighten, foes not prevent us,
 Ready to die for what Heaven has lent us !
 Flag of the star and stripe ! ever be streaming,
 While waves are rolling, while suns are beaming !

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

GEORGE LUTZ.

THE freeman's glittering sword be blest,—

Forever blest the freeman's lyre,—

That rings upon the tyrant's crest ;

This stirs the heart like living fire :

Well can he wield the shining brand,

Who battles for his native land ;

But when his fingers sweep the chords,

That summon heroes to the fray,

They gather at the feast of swords,

Like mountain-eagles to their prey !

And 'mid the vales and swelling hills,

That sweetly bloom in freedom's land,

A living spirit breathes and fills

The freeman's heart and nerves his hand :

For the bright soil that gave him birth,

The home of all he loves on earth,—

For this, when freedom's trumpet calls,

He waves on high his sword of fire,—

For this, amidst his country's halls,

Forever strikes the freeman's lyre !

His burning heart he may not lend

To serve a doting despot's sway ;

A suppliant knee he will not bend

Before these things of "brass and clay."

When wrong and ruin call to war,

He knows the summons from afar ;

On high his glittering sword he waves,

And myriads feel the freeman's fire,

While he, around their fathers' graves,

Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyre.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

JOHN PIERPONT. Born 1735.

THE Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
When the *Mayflower* moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow,
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm heart is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day,
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With their holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the *Mayflower* lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

W. C. BRYANT.

HERE we halt our march, and pitch our tent,
 On the rugged forest ground,
 And light our fire with the branches rent
 By winds from the beeches round.
 Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
 But a wilder is at hand,
 With hail of iron and rain of blood,
 To sweep and waste the land.

How the dark wood rings with voices shrill,
 That startle the sleeping bird ;
 To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
 And the step must fall unheard.
 The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
 In Ticonderoga's towers,
 And ere the sun rise twice again,
 The towers and the lake are ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
 Where the fireflies light the brake ;
 A ruddier juice the Briton hides
 In his fortress by the lake.
 Build high the fire, till the panther leap
 From his lofty perch in flight,
 And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep
 For the deeds of to-morrow night.

THE AMERICAN SWORD.*

AMELIA B. WELBY. Recently deceased.

SWORD of our gallant fathers, defender of the brave,
 Of Washington upon the field and Perry on the wave !
 Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy death-strokes reel,
 For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true as
 steel ;
 There's not a tarnish on thy sheen, a rust upon thy blade,
 Though the noble hands that drew thee are in dust and ashes laid ;
 Thou'rt still the scourge of tyrants, the safeguard of the free :
 And may God desert our banner when we surrender thee !

* These patriotic sentiments have been adapted to an old English melody. It is a favourite in the Western States. Miss Welby wrote many charming lyrics under the name of AMELIA.

Sword of a thousand victories! thy splendours led the way,
 When our warriors trod the battle-field in terrible array;
 Thou wert seen amid the carnage, like an angel in thy wrath,
 The vanquish'd and the vanquisher bestrew'd thy gory path;
 The life-blood of the haughty foe made red the slippery sod,
 Where thy crimson blade descended like the lightning glance of God;
 They pour'd their ranks like autumn leaves, their life-blood as the sea,
 But they battled for a tyrant—we battled to be free!

Sword of a thousand heroes! how holy is thy blade,
 So often drawn by Valour's arm, by gentle Pity's stay'd.
 The warrior breathes his vow by thee, and seals it with a kiss,
 He never gives a holier pledge, he asks no more than this;
 And, when he girds thee to his side, with battle in his face,
 He feels within his single arm the strength of all his race;
 He shrines thee in his noble breast, with all things bright and free;
 And may God desert his standard when he surrenders thee!

Sword of our country's battles! forever mayst thou prove,
 Amid Columbia's freemen, the thunderbolt of Jove;
 Where, like a youthful victress, with her holy flag unfurled,
 She sits amid the nations, the empress of the world.
 Behold the heaven-born goddess, in her glory and increase,
 Extending in her lovely hands the olive-branch of peace,
 The glittering steel is girded on, the safe-guard of the free:
 And may God desert her standard when she surrenders thee!

OUR BANNER.

Go, bring out our banner and proudly uprear it,
 So perfect, so faultless, and bright;
 The frown of the foeman, oh! say who shall fear it,
 'Neath the banner of Liberty's light.
 And then, as ye see its stripes waving proudly,
 With the stars, bright emblems so true,
 Let your heart catch the spirit and swell the cry loudly—
 Excelsior, Red, White, and Blue.

The Red—once this fair earth hath watered
 With streams all darkling and gory;
 Fame points to the graves of the slaughtered,
 The theme of both song and story:
 So the Red we will twine around Liberty's altar,
 And stripe with our banneret too,
 Like the brave souls of those who never would falter—
 Excelsior, Red, White, and Blue!

The White proudly beaming, a presage of love,
 A tie that nought e'er shall sever—
 A bond stronger far than tyrants e'er wore,
 Entwines round our Union for ever.
 The prayers of the freemen fall over the nation,
 As drops of heaven's rich dew ;
 Then up with our banner, and shout with elation—
 Excelsior, Red, White, and Blue.

When the worn soldier, with knapsack for pillow,
 Lays down of his country to dream ;
 The music that lulls him to sleep is the billow,
 His watcher the star's silent gleam.
 Above him they stand, arrayed in bright splendour,
 Singing hymns of a victory true ;
 And never with life will he that flag surrender—
 Excelsior, Red, White, and Blue.

Then up with our banner, and this be our boast—
 Our country shall ever be free ;
 The land which our forefather's life-blood has cost,
 Shall be guarded by us sacredly.
 Go, bring out our banner, and proudly unfurled
 Let it swell with the breezes anew ;
 Up, up, with our banner, and shout to the world—
 Excelsior, Red, White, and Blue.

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

H. F. GEORGE. Born 1782.

WITH cherub smile, the prattling boy
 Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
 Has thrown aside his favourite toy,
 And round his tender finger twines
 Those scatter'd locks, that, with the flight
 Of fourscore years, are snowy white ;
 And, as a scar arrests his view,
 He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you ?"
 "My child, 'tis five-and-fifty years
 This very day, this very hour,
 Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
 Where valour fell by hostile power,
 I saw retire the setting sun
 Behind the hills of Lexington ;
 While pale and lifeless on the plain
 My brothers lay, for freedom slain !

“ And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore !
'Tis since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

“ When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil,
In which my blood bedew'd the soil !
And while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

“ But should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword ;
And, undismay'd by war's alarms,
Remember on the battle-field,
I made the hand of GOD my shield :
And be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell.”

SEA SONGS.

"HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS."

PARK BENJAMIN.

[*Music by Dempster.*]

How cheery are the mariners—
 Those lovers of the sea !
 Their hearts are like its yeasty waves,
 As bounding and as free,
 They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
 In circles round the mast ;
 And sing when deep in foam the ship
 Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?
 There's music in their roar,
 When wide the berth along the lee,
 And leagues of room before.
 Let billows toss to mountain heights,
 Or sink to chasms low,
 The vessel stout will ride it out,
 Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furl'd,
 The gallant hull will float
 Securely, as on an inland lake
 A silken-tassell'd boat ;
 And sound asleep some mariners,
 And some with watchful eyes,
 Will fearless be of dangers dark
 That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !
 That temper all the gales
 That sweep against the rocky coast
 To their storm-shatter'd sails ;
 And men on shore will bless the ship
 That could so guided be,
 Safe in the hollow of His hand,
 To brave the mighty sea !

THE SEAMAN'S BETHEL.*

JOHN PIERPONT.

THOU, who on the whirlwind ridest,
 At whose word the thunder roars,
 Who, in majesty, president
 O'er the oceans and their shores ;
 From those shores and from the oceans,
 We, the children of the sea,
 Come to pay thee our devotions,
 And to give this house to thee.

When, for business on great waters,
 We go down to sea in ships,
 And our weeping wives and daughters
 Hang, at parting, on our lips,
 This, our Bethel, shall remind us,
 That there's one who heareth prayer,
 And that those we leave behind us
 Are a faithful pastor's care.

Visions of our native highlands
 In our wave-rock'd dreams embalm'd,
 Winds that come from spicy islands
 When we long have lain becalm'd,
 Are not to our souls so pleasant
 As the offerings we shall bring
 Hither, to the Omnipresent,
 For the shadow of his wing.

When in port, each day that's holy,
 To this House we'll press in throngs ;
 When at sea, with spirit lowly,
 We'll repeat its sacred songs.
 Outward bound, shall we, in sadness,
 Lose its flag behind the seas ;
 Homeward bound, we'll greet with gladness
 Its first floating on the breeze.

Homeward bound !—with deep emotion,
 We remember, Lord, that life
 Is a voyage upon an ocean,
 Heaved by many a tempest's strife.
 Be thy statutes so engraven,
 On our hearts and minds, that we,
 Anchoring in Death's quiet haven,
 All may make our home with thee.

* Written for the dedication of the Seaman's Bethel, under the direction of the Boston Port Society, 1833.

THE SHIP IS READY.

H. F. GOULD.

FARE thee well! the ship is ready,
 And the breeze is fresh and steady.
 Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
 High in air the streamer's playing.
 Spread the sails—the waves are swelling
 Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling,
 Fare thee well! and when at sea,
 Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,
 And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
 Think of those behind, who love thee,
 While the sun is bright above thee!
 Then, as down to ocean glancing,
 In the waves his rays are dancing,
 Think how long the night will be
 To the eyes that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping,
 All below thee still and sleeping,—
 As the needle points the quarter
 O'er the wide and trackless water,
 Let thy vigils ever find thee
 Mindful of the friends behind thee!
 Let thy bosom's magnet be
 Turn'd to those who wake for thee!

When with slow and gentle motion,
 Heaves the bosom of the ocean,—
 While in peace thy barque is riding,
 And the silver moon is gliding
 O'er the sky with tranquil splendour,
 Where the shining hosts attend her:
 Let the brightest visions be
 Country, home, and friends, to thee!

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,
 Danger, wreck, and death before thee,
 While the sword of fire is gleaming,
 Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
 Then a pious suppliant heading,
 Let thy thoughts, to heaven ascending,
 Reach the mercy-seat, to be
 Met by prayers that rise for thee.

THE DEAD MARINER.

G. D. PRENTICE

[Music by Dempster.]

SLEEP on, sleep on ! above thy corse
 The winds their Sabbath keep ;
 The waves are round thee, and thy breast
 Heaves with the heaving deep.
 O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,
 And there the white gull lifts her wings,
 And the blue halcyon loves to lave
 Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

Sleep on ; no willow o'er thee bends
 With melancholy air,
 No violet springs, no dewy rose
 Its soul of love lays bare ;
 But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
 Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
 And, like a weeping mourner fair,
 The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on ; the glittering depths
 Of ocean's coral caves
 Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
 The music of its waves ;
 The purple gems for ever burn
 In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
 And, pure and deep as infant love,
 The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on ; the fearful wrath
 Of mingling cloud and deep
 May leave its wild and stormy track
 Above thy place of sleep ;
 But when the wave has sunk to rest
 As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast,
 And the bright victims of the sea,
 Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on ; thy corse is far away,
 But love bewails thee yet ;
 For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
 And lovely eyes are wet :
 And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
 Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
 As oft she turns to view, with tears,
 The Eden of departed years.

THE STORMY PETREL.

PARK BENJAMIN.

[*Music by Dwight.*]

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
 Fearless, and rapid, and strong is he ;
 He never forsakes the billowy roar,
 To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
 Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
 Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;
 On the top of the wave you may see their forms ;
 They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
 Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;
 And against the force of the strongest gale,
 Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land,
 When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,
 The mariner sees the petrel meet
 The fathomless waves with steady feet,
 And a tireless wing, and a dauntless breast,
 Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, 'mid the contest and toil of life,
 My soul ! when the billows of rage and strife
 Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
 Is shrouded by vapours of sombre hue—
 Like the petrel, wheeling o'er foam and spray,
 Onward and upward pursue thy way !

THE NIGHT STORM AT SEA.

EPES SARGEANT.

[*Music by Dempster.*]

'Tis a dreary thing to be
 Tossing on the wide, wide sea,
 When the sun has set in clouds,
 And the wind sighs through the shrouds,
 With a voice and with a tone
 Like a living creature's moan !

Look ! how wildly swells the surge
 Round the black horizon's verge !
 See the giant billows rise
 From the ocean to the skies !
 While the sea-bird wheels his flight
 O'er their streaming crests of white.

List! the wind is wakening fast!
 All the sky is overcast!
 Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail
 In the pathway of the gale,
 As it strikes us with a shock
 That might rend the deep-set rock!

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast!
 Spars are scatter'd by the blast!
 And the sails are split asunder,
 As a cloud is rent by thunder;
 And the struggling vessel shakes,
 As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah! what sudden light is this,
 Blazing o'er the dark abyss?
 Lo! the full moon rears her form
 'Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,
 And athwart the troubled air
 Shines, like hope upon despair!

Every leaping billow gleams
 With the lustre of her beams,
 And lifts high its fiery plume
 Through the midnight's parting gloom;
 While its scatter'd flakes of gold
 O'er the sinking deck are roll'd.

Father! low on bended knee,
 Humbled, weak, we turn to thee!
 Spare us, 'mid the fearful fight
 Of the raging winds to-night!
 Guide us o'er the threatening wave:
 Save us! Thou alone canst save!

MR. MERRY'S LAMENT FOR LONG TOM.*

J. G. BRAINARD.

·THY cruise is over now,
 Thou art anchor'd by the shore,
 And never more shalt thou
 Hear the storm around thee roar;
 Death has shaken out the sand of thy glass.
 Now around thee sports the whale,
 And the porpoise snuffs the gale,
 And the night-winds wake their wail
 As they pass.

* Everybody remembers "Long Tom Coffin" in Cooper's famous novel
 "The Pilot."

The sea-grass round thy bier
 Shall bend beneath the tide,
 Nor tell the breakers near
 Where thy manly limbs abide;
 But the granite rock thy tombstones shall be.
 Through the edges of thy grave
 Are the combings of the wave—
 Yet unheeded they shall rave
 Over thee.

At the piping of all hands,
 When the judgment signal's spread—
 When the islands and the lands,
 And the seas give up their dead,
 And the south and the north shall come;
 When the sinner is dismay'd,
 And the just man is afraid,
 Then heaven be thy aid,
 POOR TOM.

LAND, HO!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

[*Music by H. Russell.*]

Fill high the brimmer!—the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night:
 The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've passed,
 And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
 In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
 To soothe us in absence of those left behind:
 Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

Fill high the brimmer!—till morn we'll remain,
 Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
 Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our birth,
 The holiest spot on the face of the earth.
 Dear country! our thoughts are more constant to thee
 Than the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea;
 Then fill up the brimmer! the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

Fill high the brimmer!—the wine sparkles rise
 Like tears, from the fountains of joy, to the eyes:
 May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
 Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair.
 Drink deep to the chime of the nautical bells,
 To woman—God bless her—wherever she dwells!
 Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

BOAT SONG.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

WE court no gale with wooing sail,
 We fear no squall a-brewing ;
 Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
 Alike our course pursuing.
 For what to us are winds, when thus
 Our merry boat is flying,
 While bold and free, with jocund glee,
 Stout hearts her oars are plying ?
 At twilight dun, when red the sun
 Far o'er the water flashes,
 With buoyant song, our bark along
 Her crimson pathway dashes.
 And when the night devours the light,
 And shadows thicken o'er us,
 The stars steal out, the skies about,
 To dance to our bold chorus.
 Sometimes near shore, we ease our oar,
 While beauty's sleep invading,
 To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
 As she wakes to our serenading ;
 Then, with the tide, we floating glide
 To music soft, receding,
 Or drain one cup, to her fill'd up
 For whom those notes are pleading.
 Thus, on and on, till the night is gone,
 And the garish dawn is breaking,
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep
 The soul of frolic waking.
 And though cheerless then our craft look, when
 To her moorings day hath brought her,
 By the moon amain she is launch'd again
 To dance o'er the merry water.

OLD IRONSIDES.*

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

AY tear her tatter'd ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;

* Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate "Constitution," as unfit for service.

Beneath it rang the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquer'd knee ;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave :
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

OVER THE FAR BLUE OCEAN WAVE.

JONATHAN LAURENCE. Born 1807; died 1838.

OVER the far blue ocean wave,
 On the wild winds, I flee,
 Yet every thought of my constant heart
 Is winging, love, to thee ;
 For each foaming leap of our gallant ship
 Had barb'd a pang for me,
 Had not thy form, through sun and storm,
 Been my only memory.

O, the sea-mew's wings are fleet and fast,
 As he dips in the dancing spray ;
 But fleetier and faster the thoughts, I ween,
 Of dear ones far away !
 And lovelier, too, than yon rainbow's hue,
 As it lights the tinted sea,
 Are the daylight dreams and sunny gleams
 Of the heart that throbs for thee.

And when moon and stars are asleep on the waves,
 Their dancing tops among,
 And the sailor is gulling the long watch-hour
 By the music of his song ;
 When our sail is white in the dark midnight,
 And its shadow is on the sea,
 O, never knew hall such festival
 As my fond heart holds with thee !

 THE NAUTILUS.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Music by H. Russell.

THE Nautilus ever loves to glide
 Upon the crest of the radiant tide.
 When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,
 Look over the sea for a lovely sight !
 You may watch, and watch for many a mile,
 And never see Nautilus all the while,
 Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,
 Lo ! there is a bark in the sunlight toss'd !

“ Sail, ho ! and whither away so fast ? ”
 What a curious thing she has rigg'd for a mast !

“ Ahoy ! ahoy ! don't you hear our hail ? ”
 How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail !
 The good ship Nautilus—yes, 'tis she !
 Sailing over the gold of the placid sea ;—
 And though she will never deign reply,
 I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where Nautilus can be bound ;
 Or does she always sail round and round,
 With the fairy queen and her court on board,
 And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde ?
 Does she roam and roam till the evening light ?
 And where does she go in the deep midnight ?
 So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,
 Or weather the blow of “ a fine stiff gale.”

O, the selfsame hand that holds the chain,
 Which the ocean binds to the rocky main—
 Which guards from the wreck when the tempest raves,
 And the stout ship reels on the surging waves—
 Directs the course of thy little bark,
 And in the light of the shadow dark,
 And near the shore, or far at sea,
 Makes safe a billowy path for thee !

THE SEA-BIRD.

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,
 ON the deep is the mariner's death ;
 Who to fear of the tempest a stranger,
 Sees the last bubble burst of his breath ?
 'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair,
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
 Careers to the kiss of the breeze ?
 Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
 Are clasp'd in the arms of the seas ?
 'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
 And her who has clung to his neck ?
 Whose wing is the wing that can cover,
 With its shadow, the foundering wreck ?
 'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

My eye on the light of the billow,
 My wing on the wake of the wave,
 I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,
 The shroud of the fair and the brave.
 I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
 Where hoarse the wild winds veer about ;
 My eye, when the bark is benighted,
 Sees the lamp of the lighthouse go out.
 I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair ;
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EPHES SARGHANT.

[Music by H. Russell.]

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep !
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep.

Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull unchanging shore—
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft;
Set sail! farewell to the land,
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot thro' the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

This song has so long been a favourite in England, that "the public" look on it as one of their own "kith and kin." Mr. Sargeant is a native of Gloucester, a town on the sea-coast of Massachusetts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIT PAT.

[Music by Ehrlich.]

A BEAU I had once on a time—
 A handsome fellow too ;
 Who wore moustaches, danced and sung,
 And other graces knew.
 The time we met—delightful thought—
 Sweet moments of unrest—
 His heart went *pit*, and then went *pat*,
 At least so he confest.

'Twas by a lake of waters blue,
 Upon the silver strand,
 With fond emotion in his eyes,
 He offered me his hand.
 I need not tell you how my face
 With deepest crimson grew ;
 Both hearts went *pit*, and then went *pat*,
 And very proper too.

THE RAINY DAY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. [Music by Stephen Massett.*]

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all :
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

* There is an English version also.

WE BREAK THE GLASS.*

EDWARD C. PINKNEY. Died 1828.

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine
 To some beloved health we drain,
 Lest future pledges, less divine,
 Should e'er the hallow'd toy profane;
 And thus I broke a heart that pour'd
 Its tide of feelings out for thee,
 In draughts, by after-times deplored,
 Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassion'd ways
 And habits of my mind remain,
 And still unhappy light displays
 Thine image chamber'd in my brain,
 And still it looks as when the hours
 Went by like flights of singing birds,
 Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
 And airy gems—thy words.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

G. P. MORRIS.

[*Music by Austin Phillips.*]

'Twas in the flush of Autumn time,
 Some twenty years or more,
 When ERNEST lost his way and cross'd
 The threshold of our door.
 I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet,
 His brow of Alpine snow,
 His manly grace of form and face,
 His manly grace of form and face,
 Some twenty years ago!
 Twenty years ago!

The hand he ask'd I freely gave;
 Mine was a happy lot—
 In all my pride to be his bride,
 Within my father's cot.
 The faith he spoke he never broke;
 His constant heart I know;
 And well I vow I love him now,
 And well I vow I love him now
 As twenty years ago!
 Twenty years ago!

* The author of this song was born in London, in October, 1802, while his father, the Hon. William Pinkney, was the American Minister at the Court of St. James's.

AUNT DINA ROE.

ETHIOPIAN SONG.

AH! well I remember old Aunt Dina Roe—
 Her eye dim with age, and her wool like de snow;
 She libed in a hut near the riber Pee Dee,
 And more dan a mudder was Dina to me:
 For she was de fust one to learn me a tune,
 De fust one to teach me to trap de old 'coon;
 And as long as de blood in dis body shall flow,
 I'll remember wid gratitude Aunt Dina Roe.
 She was good to de poor nigger—loving and mild;
 She'd joke wid de old folks, and play wid a child;
 She'd frown at de wrong act, but smile at the right;
 And ebery one lubed her, boff black and de white.
 And often, when smokin' her pipe at de door,
 The birds would fly in and hop ober de floor;
 For dey knew, though dey seen de old cat on de chair,
 Dat puss couldn't hurt 'em, for Dina was there.
 She'd cry wid de sorrowing, laugh wid de gay,
 Tend on de sick bed, an' join in de play;
 De fust at de funeral, wedding, or birth—
 De killer ob trouble and maker ob mirth.
 She spoke her mind freely, was plain as de day,
 But neber hurt any by what she might say:
 If she once made a promise, it neber was broke,
 And her friends would all swear to what Dina had spoke.
 One beautiful mornin', at brake-ob de day,
 I stopped at de old hut while passing dat way;
 I opened de door—what an objec' was there!
 My dear old Aunt Dina was dead in her chair.
 We buried her under an old willow-tree,
 Where many a time she had frolicked wid me;
 E'en massa wept for her, though she was a slave;
 And Touser, her faithful dog, died on her grave.

EXCELSIOR.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW. Born 1807.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

* This poem has been adapted to music by a score of composers, English and American; but, strange to say, the greatest and most inexpressive version (by Miss Lindsay) has met with by far the largest sale. Who can explain this?

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the pass !" the old man said ;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good night ;
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint BERNARD
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star !
Excelsior !

UNCLE SAM.

A CHARACTERISTIC YANKEE SONG.

ORATIONISE may ancient Greece,
 About its shattered glory;
 And Rome may spin a classic yarn,
 Some fierce inflated story.
 And France with her Napoleons,
 And Revolution smashes,
 And Boulevard inhabitants,
 All lingo and moustaches,
 Are well enough, as countries go;
 But I'll tell you the nation—
 'Tis UNCLE SAM, across the sea,
 And he beats "all creation!"

There's Bomba and poor Naples too,
 I've no desire to fret her;
 But the sooner that he emigrates
 From this world—all the better!
 And SPAIN is crumblin' like a cheese:
 A few grandees and minions,
 Who live on garlic, constitute
 Queen Isabelle's dominions.
 In fact there's no denyin' it,
 The only perfect nation
 Is Uncle Sam—a famous chap,
 And he beats "all creation!"

And RUSSIA is of no account,
 Nor monarch Alexander;
 He'll never set the sea on fire!
 I'll rile him by my candour.
 And PRUSSIA—into a cocked hat
 Three sturdy blows would knock it;
 And as for little BELGIUM,
 I'd put it in my pocket.
 There is no backing out the fact,
 It needs no cogitation,
 To tell that "Uncle Sam" in size
 Demolishes creation!

And yet there is a leetle place,
 With which I'm somewhat smitten;
 A spot that's made a wond'rous noise,
 I guess I mean Great Britain.

* The music of this song is published by Addison, Regent Street, London.

Her strength and force I liken to
 A massive rock-bound tower ;
 And all the world acknowledges
 She's full of pluck and power.
 And I believe that from this source,
 We drew our inspiration,
 Which part explains why Uncle Sam
 Can challenge all creation !

GINGER'S WEDDING.*

ETHIOPIAN SONG.

OH, pleasant de song dat I sing,
 An' well I remember de day,
 When de little church bells dey did ring,
 And de darkies were done making hay ;
 When de birds were at rest,
 And lay snug in their nests,
 And de clouds dey look'd pleasant and clear ;
 Sweet Rosa was happy indeed,
 When to church she and Ginger did steer.
Chorus : When de birds were at rest, &c.
 Dey were going to be married dat day,
 And de darkies were all to be dere
 (In de little log church by de way),
 Wid the coloured gals lookin' so fair.
 Den locked arm in arm
 For fear of some harm,
 Dis couple went skipping along ;
 And Rosa felt happy dat day,
 As she sang dat sweet nightingale song.
 Den locked arm in arm, &c.
 Shall I eber forget it indeed,
 How happy de darkies did look,
 When de parson he den did proceed,
 By perusing de highmonial book ?
 Den he asked lubly Rosa
 If wedded she'd be,
 And take Ginger for better or wuss.
 Wid a tear and a sigh she said, " Yes ;"
 Den Ginger gib Rosa a buss !
 Den he asked, &c.

* We need scarcely say that we publish this song, not because we in any way admire it, but because it is a specimen of a class of effusions immensely popular on both sides of the ocean.

AWAKE, MY SILVER LUTE!

MARY E. LEE.

AWAKE, my silver lute!
 String all thy plaintive wires;
 And as the fountain gushes free,
 So let thy memory chant for me
 The theme that never tires.

Awake, my liquid voice!
 Like yonder timorous bird,
 Why dost thou sing in trembling fear,
 As if by some obtrusive ear
 Thy secret should be heard?

Awake, my heart—yet no!
 As Cedron's golden rill,
 Whose changeless echo singeth o'er
 Notes it had heard long years before,
 So thou art never still.

My voice! my lute! my heart!
 Spring joyously above
 The feeble notes of lower earth,
 And let thy richest tones have birth
 Beneath the touch of love!

THE MINIATURE.

G. P. MORRIS.

[Music by J. P. Knight.*]

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
 The likeness of his wife,
 Fresh, as if touched by fairy's wand,
 With beauty, grace, and life.
 He almost thought it spoke:
 He gazed upon the treasure still,
 Absorbed, delighted, and amazed
 To view the artist's skill.

“This is yourself, dear Jane;
 'Tis drawn to nature true:
 I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
 It is so much like you.”
 “And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?”
 “Why no, my love,” said he.
 “Then, William, it is very clear,
 'Tis not at all like me.”

* If we mistake not, Mr. Knight formerly resided in America.

I AM NOT OLD.

PARK BENJAMIN.

I AM not old—though years have cast
 Their shadows on my way ;
 I am not old—though youth has pass'd
 On rapid wings away.

For in my heart a fountain flows,
 And round it pleasant thoughts repose ;
 And sympathies and feelings high,
 Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
 " His signet on my brow,"
 And some faint furrows there have met,
 Which care may deepen now :
 Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
 Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves ;
 And still in fancy I can twine
 Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine.

LOOK ALOFT.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
 " Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
 " Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but frighten to fly,
 Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
 " Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
 " Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where " affection is ever in bloom."

And O ! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, " look aloft," and depart !

OLD CROW-NEST.

G. P. MORRIS.

WHERE Hudson's wave, o'er silvery sands,
 Winds through the hills afar,
 Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
 Crowned with a single star;
 And there, amid the billowy swells
 Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
 My fair and gentle Ida dwells—
 A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow flake that the cliff receives—
 The diamonds of the showers;
 Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves—
 The sisterhood of flowers;
 Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze—
 Her purity define;—
 But Ida's dearer far than these
 To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills; the shades
 Of night are on my brow.
 Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades,
 My soul is with you now.
 I bless the star-crowned highlands where
 My Ida's footsteps roam:
 Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear—
 To bear me to my home!

NELLY BLYE.*

[Music by Christy.]

NELLY BLYE, Nelly Blye, old Virginia's pride!
 The darkest girl with trimmest curl that ever nigga spied.
 Nell's no slave, oh! no indeed, but happy, brave, and free;
 Of all I know, both high and low, dear Nell's the girl for me.
 Heigh Nelly, ho Nelly, listen, love, to me,
 I'll sing to you a little song; the theme shall be of thee.

Nelly Blye has an eye, oh! so gipsy wild—
 She's but to glance, and like a trance, she captivates dis child;
 Then her voice, you've no choice, but to listen long,
 O, just tease her, if you please, to hum one pretty song.

Heigh Nelly, &c.

* It is a curious fact, but the names of the writers of the words of these "negro songs" rarely transpire. Not that it matters much, as they are generally deplorable; their popularity depending more on the melodies to which they are sung than on any other circumstance.

Nelly Blye says, O fie! when you talk of love,
 And tells you quick, to cut your stick, for she's no turtle dove.
 Cruel Nell, ah! let me tell, how truly I adore—
 But she smiles, calls me a child, and says my love's a bore.

Heigh Nelly, &c.

Nelly Blye, I shall cry, if you don't relent:
 In loving you, how dear and true, I'm sure my whole life's spent;
 Pity take, my heart will break, if you much longer scorn,
 O, say yes, and I will bless the hour that I was born!

Heigh Nelly, &c.

TINKLING OF THE BANJO.

ETHIOPIAN MELODY.

I've wandered from de rice-field—

I've wandered to de spot;

I've listened for her foot-fall,

And yet she cometh not.

There was no sound of Catydid,

Nor buzz of locust near;

But de tinkling ob dat banjo

Was all dat I could hear.

Chorus and Repeat.

The tinkling ob dat banjo

Was all the sound I heard.

I sat upon a moss stone—

I looked upon de trees,

And as it grew still darker,

I thought I heard a sneeze:

Then I think I heard a foot-fall—

I listened for a word;

But de tinkling ob dat banjo

Was all de sound I heard.

The tinkling ob dat banjo, &c.

She didn't come—and I was sad:

The night grew darker fast;

De 'possum eyed me with surprise,

De wolf howled as I passed.

I once again struck up dat tune,

Dat she sung like a bird;

But de tinkling ob dat banjo

Was all de sound I heard.

The tinkling ob dat banjo, &c.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

W. C. BRYANT.

O SILVERY streamlet of the fields,
 That flowest full and free!
 For thee the rains of spring return,
 The summer dews for thee;
 And when thy latest blossoms die
 In autumn's chilly showers,
 The winter fountains gush for thee,
 Till May brings back the flowers.

O Stream of Life! the violet springs
 But once beside thy bed;
 But one brief summer on thy path,
 The dews of heaven are shed.
 Thy parent fountains shrink away,
 And close their crystal veins,
 And where thy glittering current flowed
 The dust alone remains.

CUP OF LOVE.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

O NOW'S the hour, when air is sweet,
 And birds are all in tune,
 To seek with me the cool retreat,
 In bright and merry June;
 When every rose-bush has a nest,
 And every thorn a flower,
 And everything on earth is blest,
 This sweet and holy hour.

O come, my dear, when evening flings
 Her veil of purple round,
 And zephyr, on his dewy wings,
 Sweeps o'er the flow'ry ground;
 When every bird of day is still,
 And stars are bright above,
 O come, my dear, and we will fill
 Our cup, and drink of love.

We'll fill it from the pure blue sky,
 And from the glowing west,
 And catch its spirit in thine eye,
 And in the small bird's nest;

And take its sweetness from the flowers,
 Its freshness from the spring,
 Its coolness from the dewy hours,
 When night-hawks take the wing.

Then we will wander far away,
 Along the flowery vale,
 Where winds the brook in sparkling play,
 And freshly blows the gale;
 And we will sit beneath the shade
 That maples weave above,
 And on the mossy pillow laid,
 Will drink the cup of love.

R O S A M A Y .

ETHIOPIAN SONG.

I REMEMBER well, sweet Rosa,
 Though 'tis many years ago,
 When de harbest moon was shinin',
 And we stood beneaf its glow;
 When I felt your hand's soft pressure,
 And heard you sweetly say,
 "Forget me not in absence—
 Tink sometimes ob Rosa May."

Oder eyes hab looked upon me,
 Oder songs hab filled my ear;
 But dey lacked the simple freshness
 Ob de ones I used to hear.
 My heart beats not as lightly,
 And my hair is tinged wid gray,
 Yet I hear no song to charm me
 Like yours, sweet Rosa May.

I am older, and some sorrows
 May have chilled me, but I feel
 Your gentle spirit's presence,
 And all it would reveal.
 De world seems still as beautiful,
 As volatile and gay;
 But dar are no such days as those
 Of old, dear Rosa May!

BLIND LOUISE.

G. W. DEWEY.

SHE knew that she was growing blind—
 Foresaw the dreary night
 That soon would fall, without a star,
 Upon her fading sight :
 Yet never did she make complaint,
 But pray'd each day might bring
 A beauty to her waning eyes—
 The loveliness of spring !
 She dreaded that eclipse which might
 Perpetually inclose
 Sad memories of a leafless world—
 A spectral realm of snows.
 She'd rather that the verdure left
 An evergreen to shine
 Within her heart, as summer leaves
 Its memory on the pine.
 She had her wish : for when the sun
 O'erhung his eastern towers,
 And shed his benediction on
 A world of May-time flowers,
 We found her seated, as of old,
 In her accustomed place,
 A midnight in her sightless eyes,
 And morn upon her face.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

MARIA BROOKS.

O, MOON of flowers ! sweet moon of flowers ! *
 Why dost thou mind me of the hours
 Which flew so softly on that night
 When last I saw and felt thy light ?
 O, moon of flowers ! thou moon of flowers !
 Would thou couldst give me back those hours,
 Since which a dull, cold year has fled,
 Or show me those with whom they sped !
 O, moon of flowers ! O, moon of flowers !
 In scenes afar were pass'd those hours
 Which still with fond regret I see,
 And wish my heart could change with thee !

* The savages of the northern part of America sometimes count by moons. They call May, the moon of flowers, and October, the moon of falling leaves.

THE SHADY SIDE.

G. W. DEWY.

I SAT and gazed upon thee, ROSE,
Across the pebbled way,
And thought the very wealth of mirth
Was thine that winter day;
For, while I saw the truant rays
Within thy window glide,
Remember'd beams reflected came
Upon the shady side.

I sat and gazed upon thee, ROSE,
And thought the transient beams
Were leaving on thy braided brow
The trace of golden dreams;
Those dreams, which like the ferry-barge
On youth's beguiling tide,
Will leave us when we reach old age,
Upon the shady side.

Ah! yes; methought, while thus I gazed
Across the noisy way,
The stream of life between us flow'd
That cheerful winter day;
And that the bark whereon I cross'd
The river's rapid tide,
Had left me in the quietness
Upon the shady side.

Then somewhat of a sorrow, ROSE,
Came crowding on my heart,
Revealing how that current sweeps
The fondest ones apart;
But while you stood to bless me there,
In beauty, like a bride,
I felt my own contentedness,
Though on the shady side.

The crowd and noise divide us, ROSE,
But there will come a day
When you, with light and timid feet,
Must cross the busy way;
And when you sit, as I do now,
To happy thoughts allied,
May some bright angel shed her light
Upon the shady side!

GENTLE WORDS.

C. D. STUART. [Music by J. Philip Knight.]

A YOUNG rose in the summer time
 Is beautiful to me,
 And glorious are the many stars
 That glimmer on the sea ;
 But gentle words and loving hearts,
 And hands to clasp my own,
 Are better than the brightest flowers,
 Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew the drooping flow'r,
 And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
 Of autumn's opening hour ;
 But words that breathe of tenderness,
 And smiles we know are true,
 Are warmer than the summer time
 And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
 With all its subtle art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart ;
 But, oh ! if those who cluster round
 The altar and the hearth,
 Have gentle words, and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.*

[Written and Composed by Howard Paul.]

AH ! what a change has taken place
 In three score years and ten ;
 And though we were not quite so fast,
 We were much surer then.
 These new ideas, as they're termed,
 Quite plunge me in a maze ;
 And though they may be well enough,
 I love the good old days.

* This song has been introduced by the author into his musical entertainment "Patchwork," which has met with extraordinary success in various parts of the United Kingdom.

Electric telegraphic wires,
 And tunnels submarine ;
 Newspapers for a penny each,
 And chickens hatched by steam.
 How all these hocus pocus tricks
 Our grandsires would amaze !
 But then they lived in days gone by—
 In fact, the good old days.

The ladies now, it seems to me,
 Wear everything for show ;
 And how they keep their bonnets on,
 That's what I want to know.
 When I was a much younger man,
 They hadn't learnt such ways ;
 But, bless my heart, I quite forget,
 Those were the good old days.

The young men, too, are just as bad ;
 What with their chains and rings,
 And curled moustaches, studs, and gloves,
 And all such foolish things,
 They look much more like apes than men :
 I'm told that some wear stays—
 Now, isn't that enough to make
 One love the good old days ?

 DEPARTED DAYS.

O. W. HOLMES.

Yes, dear, departed cherish'd days,
 Could memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,—
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment farther from the shore
 Where life's young fountains gleam—
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wilder rolls the sea ;
 The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day breaks—and where are we ?

THE SONG OF HOME.

G. P. MORRIS,

[*Music by J. G. Maeder.*]

OH, sing once more those dear familiar lays,
 Whose gliding measure ev'ry bosom thrills;
 And take my heart back to the happy days
 When first I sung them on my native hills.
 With the fresh feelings of the olden times,
 I hear them now upon a foreign shore;
 The simple music and the artless rhymes,
 Oh, sing those dear familiar lays once more!
 Oh, sing once more, &c.

Oh, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
 Which, half forgotten, in my mem'ry dwell;
 They send the life-blood bounding thro' my veins,
 And linger round me like a fairy spell.
 The songs of home are to the human heart
 Far dearer than the notes that song-birds pour,
 And of our very nature form a part:
 Then sing those dear familiar lays once more!
 Oh, sing once more, &c.

GOOD OLD HUT AT HOME.*

AN ETHIOPIAN SONG.

THE good old hut at home, where my father he first dwelt,
 Where like a possum at de feet ob mother I once knelt,
 Where she taught me to hoe, and de ole banjo to play,
 Which in infancy delighted me, and I think of to this day.

CHORUS.

My heart amid all changes, wherever I may roam,
 Never can it lose its love for the old hut at home.

It was not for its ground floor the old hut was so dear,
 It was not that Sambo or my Dinah always did come there.
 But o'er the field the sugar cane and cotton plant entwined,
 And the sweet scent of the bacca plant was waving in the wind.
 My heart, &c.

But the good old hut at home is no dwelling now for me,
 The home of other darkies henceforth it e'er must be.
 And I oft look back upon it as to my work I go
 For the new massa I'm toiling for with shovel and with hoe.
 My heart, &c.

* A popular song in the States. Alas for public taste!

SAUCY KATE.*

HOWARD PAUL

[*Music by Benhart.*]

KATE's a dear delightful creature,
 Merry as a sunny elf,
 Beautiful in form and feature,
 Smiling mould of Beauty's self.
 When she laughs her silken tresses
 Fall upon her gentle breast;
 And her eyes, as dark as midnight,
 Never seem to be at rest.

Kate's a dear but saucy creature,
 With a lip of scarlet bloom—
 Woodbines sipping golden sunlight—
 Roses drinking rich perfume.
 Voice as dainty as the whisper
 Founts give in their crystal shrine;
 Saucy Kate, so full of mischief,
 Would that I could call thee mine.

THIS PLACID LAKE.

G. W. DOANE

THIS placid lake, my gentle girl,
 Be emblem of thy life—
 As full of peace and purity,
 As free from care and strife;
 No ripple on its tranquil breast
 That dies not with the day,
 No pebble in its darkest depths,
 But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form
 And pageant of the skies,
 Reflected from its glassy face,
 A mirror'd image lies;
 So be thy spirit ever pure,
 To God and virtue given;
 And thought, and word, and action bear
 The imagery of heaven!

* This song (from accident rather than merit) achieved an immense success in Philadelphia. It grew the rage, and was sung, played, and whistled by all classes of society. Boats and omnibuses were called after it, and for a time "Saucy Kate" was Queen of the empire of Popular Song.

LOVE THE OLD.

L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

I LOVE the old—to lean beside
 The antique easy chair,
 And pass my fingers softly o'er
 A wreath of silvered hair—
 To press my glowing lip upon
 The furrowed brow, and gaze
 Within the sunken eye, where dwells
 The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand
 That on my youthful head
 Has lain so tenderly the while
 The evening prayer was said.
 To nestle down close to the heart,
 And marvel how it held
 Such tomes of legendary love,
 The chronicles of Eld.

O youth, thou hast so much of joy,
 So much of life and love,
 So many hopes—age has but one,
 The hope of bliss above.
 Turn awhile from these away,
 To cheer the old, and bless
 The wasted heart-springs with a stream
 Of gushing tenderness.

Yes, love the aged—bow before
 The venerable form
 So soon to seek beyond the sky
 A shelter from the storm.
 Aye, love them; let thy silent heart,
 With reverence untold,
 As pilgrims very near to heaven,
 Regard and love the old.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.)

Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

O! if mirth might arrest the flight
 Of time through life's dominions,
 We here awhile would now beguile
 The graybeard of his pinions.
 To drink to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond regret delay him,
 Nor love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,
 We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

HOME, SWEET HOME!*

J. HOWARD PAYNE. Born 1792; died 1861.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 Home, home! sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily, that come at my call:
 Give me these and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, home! &c.

* This popular lyric is published in the collected edition of English songs, but, as the author was an American, we must likewise claim for it a place here. Howard Payne resided many years in England, and wrote the greater portion of his works for the London stage; yet, as he was born in the "land of the free," and lived for many years in his native country, we think it only just that "Home, sweet Home!" should be inserted in a collection of songs by American authors. The music is an old Sicilian melody, which was adapted in the opera of "Clari" by the late Sir Henry Bishop.

THE TWO BRIDES.

R. H. STODDARD.

I SAW two maids at the kirk,
 And both were fair and sweet :
 One in her wedding robe,
 And one in her winding-sheet.
 The choristers sang the hymn,
 The sacred rites were read,
 And one for life to life,
 And one to death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
 In loveliness and bloom ;
 One in a merry castle,
 The other a solemn tomb.
 One on the morrow woke
 In a world of sin and pain ;
 But the other was happier far,
 And never awoke again !

"A CONSTANT DRIPPING WILL WEAR A STONE."

E. DANFORTH.

OF all the proverbs, none better is known
 Than a "constant dripping will wear a stone ;"
 We mark its truth in peace or in strife,
 In each ebb or flow of the tide of life.
 The Past by its tales this lesson hath shown,
 That a "constant dripping will wear a stone ;"
 And the Future, too, spite all we may say,
 Time's constant dripping will soon wear away.

Look well at that boy with the laughing eye,
 Hark ! hear how his songs on the breeze sweep by ;
 The future to him seems open and fair,
 A garden of flowers without a care.
 He dreams, as he glides o'er the fields of youth,
 Of a noble name, and deeds of truth ;
 Of one who in life shall be all his own :
 But a "constant dripping will wear a stone."

Full soon will the cares of the cold world come,
 And sorrows will darken his once bright home.
 His youthful hopes, like the bubbles that swim,
 In their graceful pride on the goblet's brim,

Will fade from his heart at one breath of care,
 Not leaving a trace of their short life there.
 And, weeping, he'll stand in the world alone—
 The "constant dripping is wearing the stone."

Time has drawn its lines on his open brow,
 And the pleasures of earth are worthless now.
 He turns to the Past, but the friends of old
 Are mouldering fast in the churchyard cold.
 There are none to love him ; no heart to prove,
 By its generous deeds, its wealth of love ;
 And he sinks in the grave unwept, unknown,
 For the "constant dripping has worn the stone."

A NAME IN THE SAND.*

H. F. GOULD.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand ;
 A pearly shell was in my hand ;
 I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
 My name—the year—the day.
 As onward from the spot I pass'd,
 One lingering look behind I cast ;
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me :
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place,
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and been to be no more,
 Of me—my day—the name I bore,
 To leave no track, nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the waters in His hands,
 I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name—
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory, or for shame.

* There is a very popular English song that bears a suspicious resemblance to the above. "A Name in the Sand" was written at least ten years ago.

ISLE OF DREAMS.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

I MET thee in the Isle of Dreams,
Beloved of my soul—

I met thee on the silver sands,
Where Lethean rivers roll;
And by the flashing waterfalls,
That lulled the hours asleep,
Thy spirit whispered unto mine
The vows it may not keep.

I met thee in the Isle of Dreams :
No fairer land may bloom
Among the islands-stars that crest
The midnight's heavy gloom.
The lilies blossomed in our path,
Wild roses on the spray,
And young birds from the wilderness
Sang each a dreamy lay.

Our steps fell lightly as we pressed
The green, enchanted ground,
For love was swelling in our hearts,
And in the air around ;
All, all was sunshine, bliss, and light,
Beloved of my soul,
When in the Isle of Dreams we met,
Where Lethean rivers roll.

Then tread again the sounding shores
That echo in my dreams,
And walk beneath the rosy sky
That through my vision gleams ;
Oh, meet me, meet me yet once more,
Beloved of my soul,
Within the lovely Isle of Dreams,
Where Lethean rivers roll!

TWILIGHT HOURS.

MALDEN twilight, lovely and still,
Hushes the billow, and lulls the air ;
Over the water we glide at will,
Joyous beings without a care !
Only the musical splash of the oar,
Timed to the beat of our choral tune ;—
Either side is the blooming shore,
On the air is the balm of June.

Slowly now—in the light of eyes,
 Pure and soft as this hour of hours ;
 Slowly now—to the tones that rise
 Low and sweet as the sigh of flowers !
 Loveliest twilight, gentle and still,
 Hushes the billow, and lulls the breeze ;
 Over the water we glide at will—
 Never were hours so dear as these !

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

G. P. MORRIS.

[Music by W. V. Wallace.]

THIS book is all that's left me now !
 Tears will, unbidden, start !
 With faltering lips and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart :
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd ;
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear !
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
 After the evening prayer,
 And spoke of what this volume said,
 In tones my heart would thrill.
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who loved God's word to hear !
 Her angel face, I see it yet !
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met—
 Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew !
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 When all was false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give,
 From me this book could buy ;
 For, teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

C. G. EASTMAN.

HE sits by the great high road all day,
 The beggar blind and old ;
 The locks on his brow are thin and gray,
 And his lips are blue and cold.
 The life of the beggar is almost spent,
 His cheek is pale and his form is bent,
 And he answereth low, with meek content,
 The sneers of the rude and bold.

All day by the road hath the beggar sat,
 Weary and faint and dry,
 In silence, patiently holding his hat
 And turning his sightless eye,
 As, with cruel jest and greeting grim
 At his hollow cheek and eye-ball dim,
 The traveller tosses a cent at him,
 And passeth hastily by.

To himself the blind old man doth hum
 A song of his boyhood's day,
 And his lean, white fingers idly drum
 On his thread-bare knee where they lay ;
 And oft, when the gay bob-o'-link is heard,
 The song of the youth-hearted, yellow bird,
 The jar of life and the traveller's word,
 And the noise of children's play,

He starts and grasps with a hurried hand
 The top of his smooth-worn cane,
 And striketh it sturdily into the sand—
 Then layeth it down again ;
 While his black little spaniel, beautiful Spring,
 That he keeps at his button-hole with a string,
 Jumps up, and his bell goes ting-a-ling ! ling !
 As he yelps at the idle train.

He sits by the great high road all day,
 The beggar blind and old ;
 The locks on his brow are thin and gray
 And his lips are blue and cold ;
 Yet he murmureth never, day nor night,
 But, seeing the world by his inner sight,
 He patiently waits, with a heart all light,
 Till the sum of his life shall be told.

MINNIE MOORE.

IN last night's dream I saw again
 Sweet faces I adore ;
 'Mid others was an old schoolmate—
 Dear gentle Minnie Moore.
 And glided o'er my dreaming mind,
 Not only those I knew ;
 But mem'ries of so many scenes,
 All linked with Minnie, too.
 A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
 Of innocence and glee ;
 For I was all the world to her,
 And she the world to me.
 How often, on our way to school,
 We'd stray beside the brooks,
 And gathering wild flowers by their side,
 We'd quite forget our books ;
 Or loiter half the day away
 In some old mossy dell ;
 And, going home at night, I'd coax
 Dear Minnie not to tell.
 Such memories are by far more dear
 Than wealth of classic lore ;
 Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
 Of youth and Minnie Moore.

AS SUMMER FADES AWAY.

C. EASTMAN.

AH, me! the sky is dark and cold,
 The leaves are dead and gray,
 And everything seems growing old
 As summer fades away ;
 The clouds along the valley drift,
 Or round the mountain run,
 Too heavy with the rain to lift
 Their bosoms to the sun.
 I hear upon the frozen grass
 The cold and dripping rain,
 And mark the shadows as they pass
 Along the cheerless plain ;
 See one by one the flowers, across
 The dreary fields, depart,
 And of old age, the sullen moss,
 Feel growing o'er my heart !

MY LIFE IS A FAIRY'S GAY DREAM.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.*

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
 And thou art the genie, whose wand
 Tints all things around with the beam,
 The bloom of Titania's bright land.
 A wish to my lips never sprung,
 A hope in my eyes never shone,
 But ere it was breathed by my tongue,
 To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy pleasures have ever been mine,
 Thy sorrows too often thine own;
 The sun that on me still would shine
 O'er thee threw its shadows alone.
 Life's garland, then, let us divide :
 It's roses I'd fain see thee wear,
 For me—but I know thou wilt chide—
 Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

THE WAVES THAT ON THE SPARKLING SAND.

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

THE waves, that on the sparkling sand
 Their foaming crests upheave,
 Lightly receding from the land,
 Seem not a trace to leave.
 Those billows, in their ceaseless play,
 Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which, wandering, sigh
 Amid the forest bower,
 So gently as they murmur by,
 Scarce lift the drooping flower.
 Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
 Spring's wither'd beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
 Their impress leave behind ;
 And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
 The blighting traces find.
 Till alter'd thoughts, and hearts grown cold,
 The change of passing years unfold.

* This lady was formerly an actress, and achieved some popularity as a *tragedienne* and.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

COME! the moonbeams are glancing; with ready steeds
 The land-shallow waits at the door; [prancing,
 Hearts akin to the lark, let us gaily embark;
 Heed Winter's keen pinching no more.
 In Winter 'tis time to be gay,
 Love glows with a quickening ray;
 But our tight Northern air makes the heart alone bare;
 Come! come! let us quickly away.

At the whip's sounding thwack, now we speed o'er the track,
 'Mid joyous confusion of bells;
 And the shrill creaking snow, as we rapidly go,
 The mingling wild harmony swells.
 The music of mirth is as light
 As rays from the army of night,
 While they play on the snow with a luminous glow,
 And radiate witching delight.

We skim o'er the lea like a bird of the sea,
 That music illumines the soul;
 And the sparkles of wit the enlightened emit,
 Spread merrily over the whole,
 A humorous, frolicsome throng;
 Loud laughter is with us along;
 To the point of the jest he replies with good zest—
 But now we all join in a song.

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE youth whose bark is guided o'er
 A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
 With idle gaze delights to pore
 On image skies that glow beneath.
 But should a fleeting storm arise
 To shade awhile the watery way,
 Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
 And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.

'Tis thus down time's eventful tide,
 While prosperous breezes gently blow,
 In life's frail bark we gaily glide,
 Our hopes, our thoughts, all fix'd below.
 But let one cloud the prospect dim,
 The wind its quiet stillness mar,
 At once we raise our prayer to Him,
 Whose light is life's best guiding star.

INDIAN SUMMER.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE is a time, just ere the frost
 Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
 When Autumn, in a reverie lost,
 The mellow daytime dreams away ;
 When Summer comes, in musing mind,
 To gaze once more on hill and dell,
 To mark how many sheaves they bind,
 And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
 The dying flowers look up and give
 Their sweetest incense ere they go,
 For her who made their beauties live.
 She enters 'neath the woodland shade ;
 Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
 And bear it gently where are laid
 The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes
 Again his sceptre and his throne,
 With boisterous hand the trees he shakes,
 Intent on gathering all his own.
 Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
 And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
 Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
 And smiles to think it 's all for him.

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

ONE bumper, yet, gallants, at parting !
 One toast ere we arm for the fight !
 Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
 'Tis the last he may pledge her to-night !
 Think of those who of old at the banquet
 Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
 The patriot heroes who hallowed
 The entwining of myrtle and steel !
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel !
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel !
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel !

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
 With its highest-toned feelings is warm,
 Like the music that 's said from the ocean
 To rise ere the gathering storm,
 That her image around us should hover,
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
 We may breathe 'mid the foam of a bumper,
 As we drink to the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel!
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel!
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
 To marshal the host for the fray,
 Where proudly our banner is flinging
 Its folds o'er the battle-array;
 Yet gallants—one moment—remember,
 When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
 That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherish'd
 By lads of the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel!
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel!
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

FAINTLY FLOW, THOU FALLING RIVER.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
 Like a dream that dies away;
 Down to ocean gliding ever,
 Keep thy calm unruffled way:
 Time, with such a silent motion,
 Floats along, on wings of air,
 To eternity's dark ocean,
 Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
 Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
 Shapes of light are wafted hither—
 Then, like visions, hurry by:
 Quick as clouds at evening driven
 O'er the many-colour'd west,
 Years are bearing us to heaven,
 Home of happiness and rest.

"FILL HIGH! FILL HIGH!"

W. H. C. HOMER.

FILL high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd ;
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.
 In nectar *now* bedew the lips,
 And wake the voice of song,
 For clouds will gather, and eclipse
 The light of bliss ere long.
 Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The cup our fathers drain'd ;
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.

The foam-bells on the ruby tide
 Are types of passing things,
 Reminding us that joy soon dies—
 That graybeard Time hath wings ;
 And a few more days will dawn and end,
 A few more moons wax old,
 Ere friend will darkly follow friend
 To homes in churchyard mould.
 Fill high, fill high, &c. &c.

Around this ancient festal board
 Glad spirits met of yore,
 But their merry strains are hush'd in death—
 Their laugh will ring no more :
 Under the yew-trees, moss'd and green,
 May their quiet graves be found,
 But *in soul* they hover nigh, unseen,
 While tale and jest go round.
 Then fill, fill high, &c. &c.

THE WILD WOOD ROSE.

The wild wood rose was blushing
 Beside our sunny way ;
 The mountain rill was gushing
 In light melodious play,
 When last thy vows I listen'd,
 When last thy kiss I met,
 And thou, thy dark eyes glisten'd
 With fondness and regret.

The wild wood rose, o'ershaded . . .
 By clouds, has lost its bloom ;
 And love's soft flower has faded
 'Neath falsehood, grief, and gloom.
 The waves, in winter failing,
 No more to music part,
 And I but weep, bewailing
 The winter of the heart.

The wild wood rose, resuming
 Its bloom and beauty gay,
 The fitful gale perfuming,
 Again shall grace the way ;
 Again the mountain river
 Its melody shall pour ;
 But thou returnest never !
 And love will bloom no more.

PILGRIM SONG.

GEORGE LUNT. Born 1807.

OVER the mountain wave, see where they come ;
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them home ;
 Yet, where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
 There their song peals along, deep-toned and free :
 " Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home !"

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom ;
 Scotia hath heather hills, sweet their perfume :
 Yet through the wilderness cheerful we stray,
 Native land, native land—home far away !
 " Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home !"

Dim grew the forest path ; onward they trod ;
 Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting to GOD !
 Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their song ;
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along.
 " Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home !"

Not theirs the gory-wreath, torn by the blast ;
 Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they pass'd !
 Green be their mossy graves ! ours be their fame,
 While their song peals along, ever the same.
 " Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home "

WITHERING—WITHERING.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WITHERING—withering—all are withering—
 All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nursed—
 Flowers of love too early blossoming ;
 Buds of Ambition too frail to burst.
 Faintly—faintly—O ! how faintly
 I feel life's pulses ebb and flow ;
 Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
 With one who should not wish to live moe.

 Nay ! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking ?
 Why doth thy upward wing thus tire ?
 Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
 When they should only waft thee higher ?
 Upward—upward let them be waving,
 Lifting thy soul toward her place of birth.
 There are guerdons there more worth thy having—
 Far more than any these lures of the earth.

LONG AGO.

J. H. WAINWRIGHT.

Dost thou remember, lady fair,
 The willow by the river side ?
 One eve we sat together there,
 Thou promised to become my bride.
 But stay, fair lady, speak it not—
 Thine answer I already know :
 Those happy hours are all forgot,
 For it was very long ago.

 Dost call to mind the grassy lane,
 All hidden in the little grove—
 Can memory bring it back again ?
 'Twas there I told thee of my love !
 Thy willing hand was clasped in mine,
 Thy lips,—say, did they answer No ?
 'Tis past ! and why should I repine ?—
 For it was very long ago.

 Dost call to mind the trembling kiss
 I pressed upon thy burning cheek ?
 Hast thou forgot the words of bliss
 Thy sweet and gentle voice did speak ?

Nay, lady, do not weep! Thy tears
 Have now no right for me to flow :
 I thought to share thy hopes and fears—
 But it was very long ago.

The willow by the stream is dead,
 The grassy lane, the grove, both gone—
 And thou art to another wed !
 I wander through the world alone.
 Yet oft unbidden bursts a sigh,
 And down my cheeks in sorrow flow
 The tears I weep for days gone by,
 And memories of long ago.

THE CHICKADEE'S SONG.*

FRANCES H. GREEN.

ON its downy wing, the snow,
 Hovering, flyeth to and fro—
 And the merry schoolboy's shout,
 Rich with joy, is ringing out :
 So we gather in our glee,
 To the snow-drifts—Chickadee !

Poets sing, in measures bold,
 Of the glorious gods of old,
 And the nectar that they quaffed,
 When their jewelled goblets laughed ;
 But the snow-cups best love we,
 Gemmed with sunbeams—Chickadee !

They who choose, abroad may go,
 Where the southern waters flow,
 And the flowers are never sere
 In the garland of the year ;
 But we love the breezes free
 Of our north-land—Chickadee !

To the cottage-yard we fly,
 With its old trees waving high,
 And the little ones peep out,
 Just to know what we're about ;
 For they dearly love to see
 Birds in winter—Chickadee !

* A portion of a poem adapted to an Ethiopian melody. A favourite in some of the Eastern States. Chickadee is a word of Indian origin.

SENECA LAKE.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL. Born 1795.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.
On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.
How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.
On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

I N D E X.

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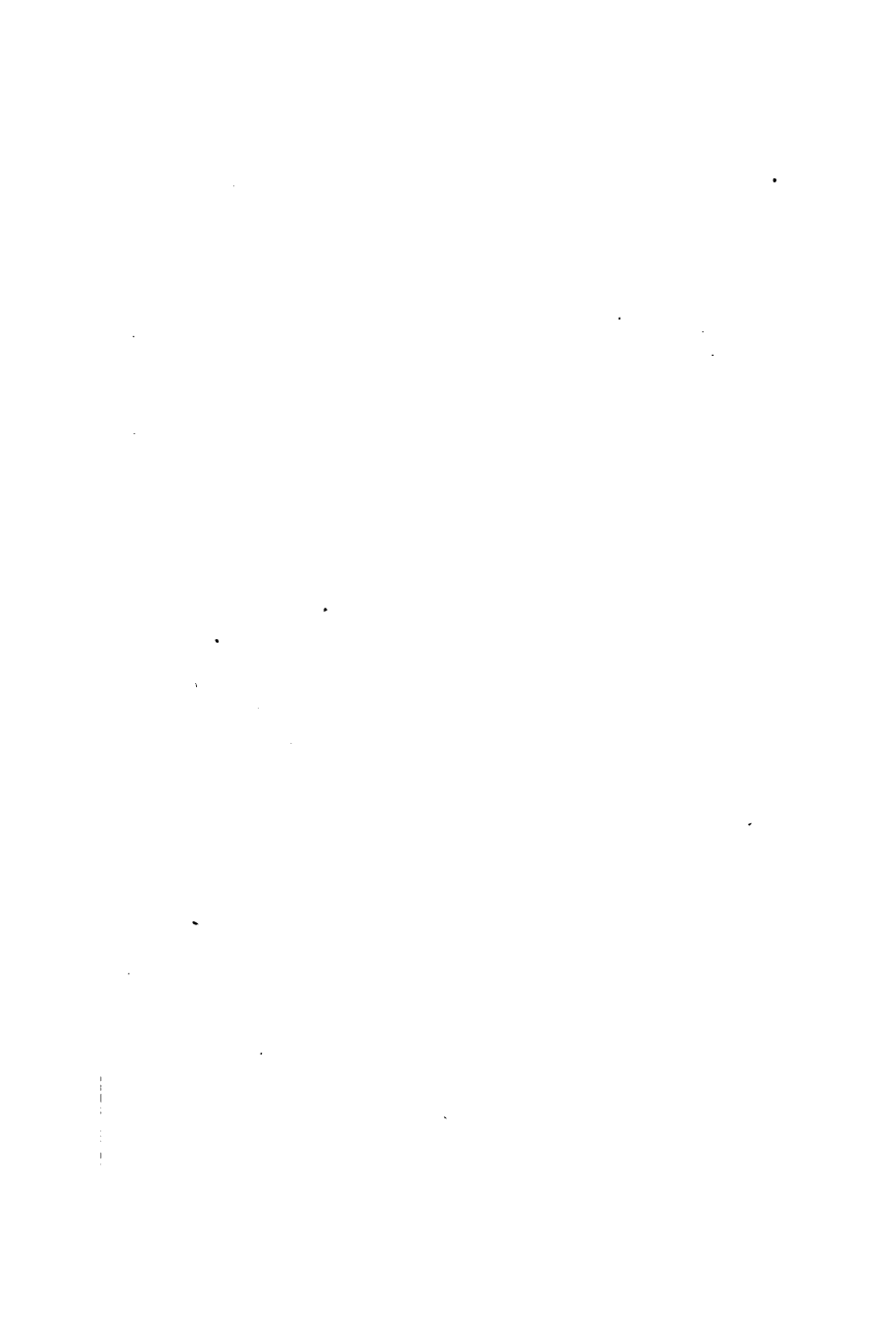
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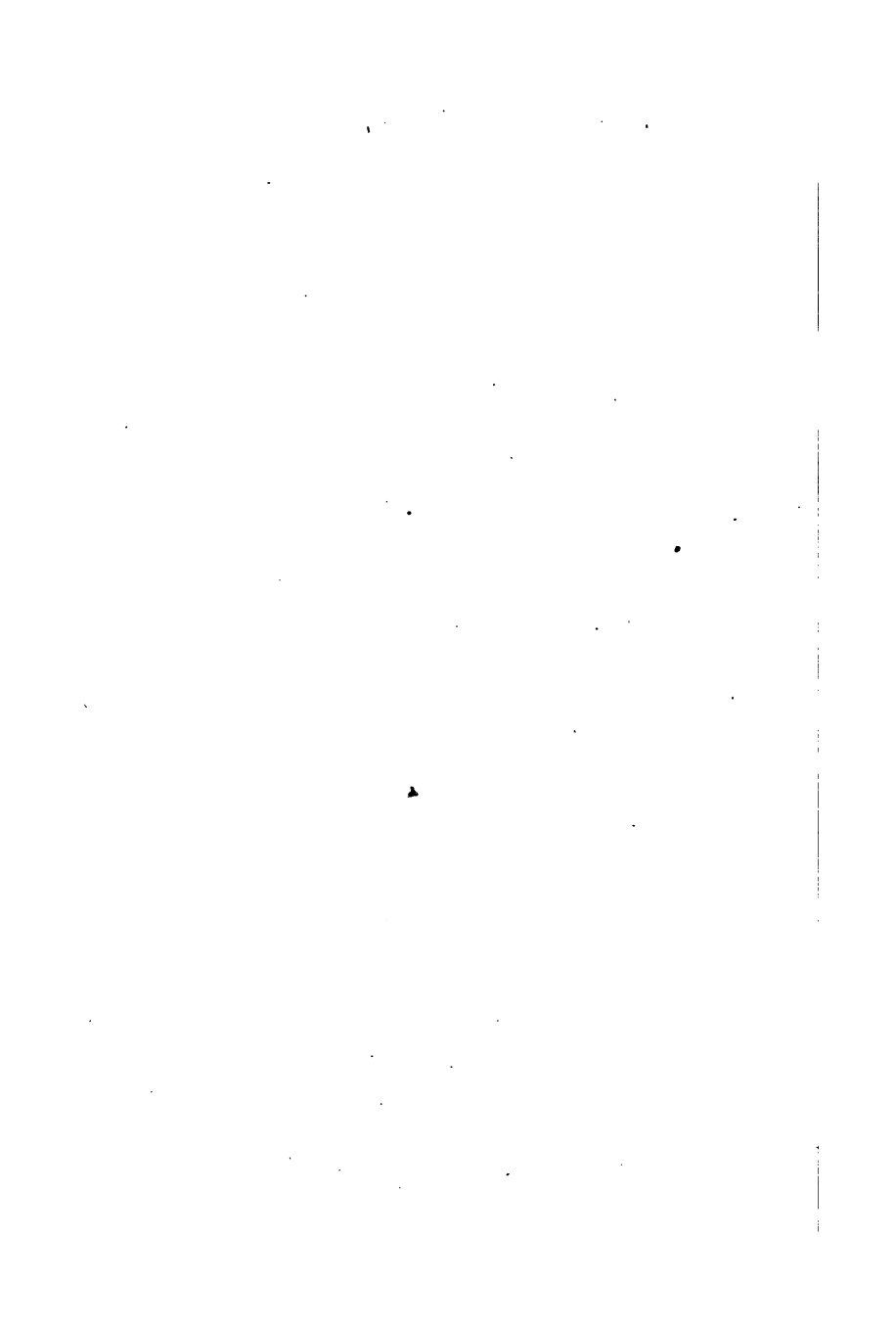
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